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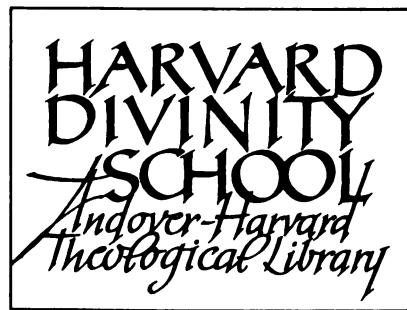
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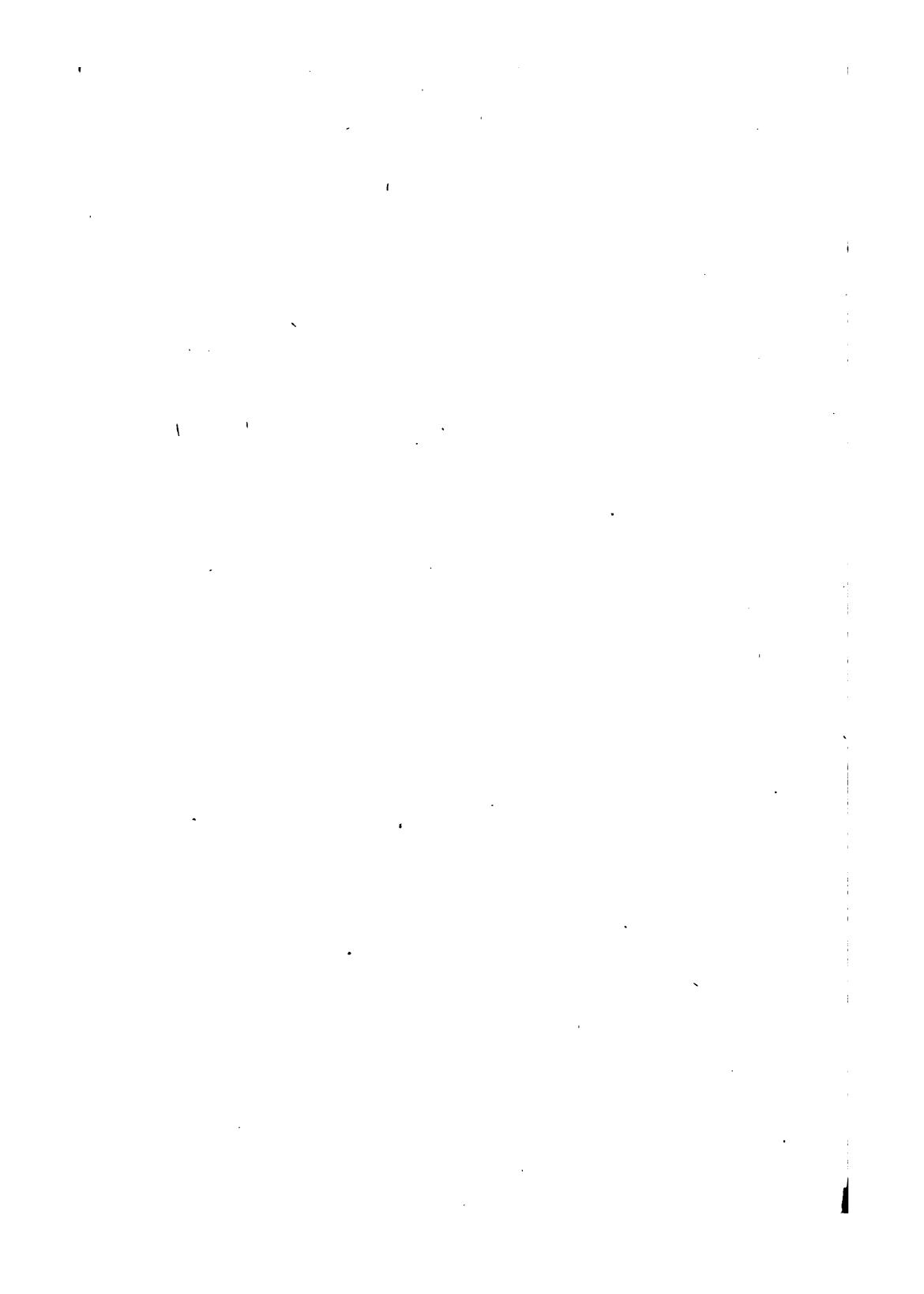
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Hymns FOR Sunday School AND Church

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Opening Service



(After singing a hymn the minister or superintendent reads the following sentences)

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be alway acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer.

Let us humbly confess our sins unto Almighty God.

A General Confession

(To be said by all)

Almighty and most merciful Father; We have erred, and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep. We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts. We have offended against thy holy laws. We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; And we have done those things which we ought not to have done; And there is no health in us. But thou, O Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable offenders. Spare thou those, O God, who confess their faults. Restore thou those who are penitent; According to thy promises declared unto mankind in Christ Jesus our Lord. And grant, O most merciful Father, for his sake; that we may hereafter live a godly, righteous, and sober life, To the glory of thy holy Name. Amen.

Lord's Prayer

(To be said by all)

Our Father, who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy Name. Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, As it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

V. O Lord, open Thou our lips.

R. And our mouth shall show forth Thy praise.

(All standing).

V. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

R. As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

V. Praise ye the Lord.

R. The Lord's name be praised.

(Here may follow Psalms, Lessons and Chants from other parts of this book)

The Apostle's Creed

(To be said by all, standing)

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth; And in Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord: Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, Born of the Virgin Mary: Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried: He descended into hell; The third day he rose again from the dead: He ascended into heaven, And sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; From thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost: the holy Catholic Church; The Communion of Saints: The Forgiveness of sins: The Resurrection of the body: And the life everlasting. Amen.

V. The Lord be with you.

R. And with thy spirit.

Let us pray.

V. O Lord, show thy mercy upon us.

R. And grant us thy salvation.

Minister. O Lord, save the State.

Answer. And mercifully hear us when we call upon thee.

Minister. Endure thy Ministers with righteousness.

Answer. And make thy chosen people joyful.

Minister. O Lord, save thy people.

Answer. And bless thine inheritance.

Minister. Give peace in our time, O Lord.

Answer. For it is thou, Lord, only, that makest us dwell in safety.

V. O God, make clean our hearts within us.

R. And take not thy Holy Spirit from us.

(The Collect for the day.)

Blessed Lord, who hast caused all Holy Scriptures to be written for our learning, grant that we may in such wise hear them, read, mark, learn and inwardly digest them, that by patience and comfort of Thy Holy Word, we may embrace and ever hold fast the blessed hope of everlasting life, which Thou hast given us in our Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen.

Direct us, O Lord, in all our doings, with thy most gracious favour, and further us with thy continual help that in all our works begun, continued, and ended in thee, we may glorify thy holy Name, and finally, by thy mercy, obtain everlasting life; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with us all evermore. Amen.

FIRST SELECTION OF PSALMS

PSALM 1.

Blessed is the man that hath not walked in the counsel of the ungodly, nor stood in the way of sinners; and hath not sat in the seat of the scornful.

2 But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law will he exercise himself day and night.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the water-side; that will bring forth his fruit in due season.

4 His leaf also shall not wither: and look, whatsoever he doeth, it shall prosper.

5 As for the ungodly, it is not so with them: but they are like chaff, which the wind scattereth away from the face of the earth.

6 Therefore the ungodly shall not be able to stand in judgment: neither the sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

7 But the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous; and the way of the ungodly shall perish.

PSALM 15.

Lord, who shall dwell in thy tabernacle: or who shall rest upon thy holy hill?

2 Even he that leadeth an uncorrupt life: and doeth the thing which is right, and speaketh the truth from his heart.

3 He that hath used no deceit in his tongue, nor done evil to his neighbor: and hath not slandered his neighbor.

4 He that setteth not by himself, but is lowly in his own eyes: and maketh much of them that fear the Lord.

5 He that sweareth unto his neighbor, and disappointeth him not: though it were to his own hindrance.

6 He that hath not given his money upon usury; nor taken reward against the innocent.

7 Whoso doeth these things: shall never fall.

PSALM 91.

Whoso dwelleth under the defence of the Most High: shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

2 I will say unto the Lord, Thou art my hope, and my stronghold: my God, in him will I trust.

3 For he shall deliver thee from the snare of the hunter: and from the noisome pestilence.

4 He shall defend thee under his wings, and thou shalt be safe under his feathers: his faithfulness and truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

5 Thou shalt not be afraid for any terror by night: nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

6 For the pestilence that walketh in darkness: nor for the sickness that destroyeth in the noon-day.

7 A thousand shall fall beside thee, and ten thousand at thy right hand: but it shall not come nigh thee.

8 Yea, with thine eyes shalt thou behold: and see the reward of the ungodly.

9 For thou, Lord, art my hope: thou hast set thine house of defence very high.

10 There shall no evil happen unto thee: neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

11 For he shall give his angels charge over thee: to keep thee in all thy ways.

12 They shall bear thee in their hands: that thou hurt not thy foot against a stone.

13 Thou shalt go upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou tread under thy feet.

14 Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him up, because he hath known my name.

15 He shall call upon me, and I will hear him: yea, I am with him in trouble: I will deliver him, and bring him to honour.

16 With long life will I satisfy him: and show him my salvation.

FOURTH SELECTION OF PSALMS

Psalm 23.

The Lord is my shepherd: therefore can I lack nothing.

2 He shall feed me in a green pasture: and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort.

3 He shall convert my soul: and bring me forth in the paths of righteousness for his Name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff comfort me.

5 Thou shalt prepare a table before me against them that trouble me; thou hast anointed my head with oil, and my cup shall me full.

6 But thy loving-kindness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Psalm 34.

I will alway give thanks unto the Lord: his praise shall ever be in my mouth.

2 My soul shall make her boast in the Lord: the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad.

3 O praise the Lord with me: and let us magnify his name together.

4 I sought the Lord, and he heard me: yea, he delivered me out of all my fear.

5 They had an eye unto him, and were lightened, and their faces were not ashamed.

6 Lo, the poor crieth, and the Lord heareth him; yea, and saveth him out of all his trouble.

7 The angel of the Lord tarrieth round about them that fear him: and delivereth them.

8 O taste, and see, how gracious the Lord is: blessed is the man that trusteth in him.

9 O fear the Lord, ye that are his saints: for they that fear him lack nothing.

10 The lions do lack and suffer hunger: but they who seek the Lord shall want no manner of thing that is good.

11 Come, ye children and hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord.

12 What man is he that lusteth to live: and would fain see good days?

13 Keep thy tongue from evil: and thy lips, that they speak no guile.

14 Eschew evil, and do good: seek peace, and ensue it.

15 The eyes of the Lord are over the righteous: and his ears are open unto their prayers.

16 The countenance of the Lord is against them that do evil: to root out the remembrance of them from the earth.

17 The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth them: and delivereth them out of all their troubles.

18 The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a contrite heart: and will save such as be of an humble spirit.

19 Great are the troubles of the righteous: but the Lord delivereth him out of all.

20 He keepeth all his bones: so that not one of them is broken.

21 But misfortune shall slay the ungodly: and they that hate the righteous shall be desolate.

22 The Lord delivereth the souls of his servants: and all they that put their trust in him shall not be destitute.

Psalm 65.

Thou, O God, art praised in Sion: and unto thee shall the vow be performed in Jerusalem.

2 Thou that hearest the prayer: unto thee shall all flesh come.

3 My misdeeds prevail against me: O be thou merciful unto our sins.

4 Blessed is the man whom thou choosest, and receiveth unto thee: he shall dwell in thy court, and shall be satisfied with the pleasures of thy house, even of thy holy temple.

5 Thou shalt show us wonderful things in thy righteousness, O God of our salvation: thou that are the hope of all the ends of the earth, and of them that remain in the broad sea.

6 Who in his strength setteth fast the mountains: and is girded about with power.

7 Who stilleth the raging of the sea; and the noise of his waves, and the madness of the people.

8 They also that dwell in the uttermost parts of the earth shall be afraid at thy tokens; thou that makest the out-goings of the morning and evening to praise thee.

9 Thou visitest the earth, and blessest it, thou makest it very plenteous.

10 The river of God is full of water: thou preparest their corn,

for so thou providest for the earth.

11 Thou waterest her furrows: thou sendest rain into the little valleys thereof: thou makest it soft with the drops of rain, and blessest the increase of it.

12 Thou crownest the year with thy goodness: and thy clouds drop fatness.

13 They shall drop upon the dwellings of the wilderness: and the little hills shall rejoice on every side.

14 The folds shall be full of sheep: the valleys also shall stand so thick with corn, that they shall laugh and sing.

FIFTH SELECTION OF PSALMS

Psalm 26.

Be thou my judge, O Lord, for I have walked innocently; my trust hath been also in the Lord, therefore shall I not fall.

2 Examine me, O Lord, and prove me: try out my reins and my heart.

3 For thy loving-kindness is ever before mine eyes: and I will walk in thy truth.

4 I have not dwelt with vain persons: neither will I have fellowship with the deceitful.

5 I have hated the congregation of the wicked: and will not sit among the ungodly.

6 I will wash my hands in innocence, O Lord: and so will I go to thine altar;

7 That I may show the voice of thanksgiving: and tell of all thy wondrous works.

8 Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house: and the place where thine honour dwelleth.

9 O shut not up my soul with the sinners: nor my life with the blood-thirsty;

10 In whose hands is wickedness: and their right hand is full of gifts.

11 But as for me, I will walk innocently: O deliver me, and be merciful unto me.

12 My foot standeth right: I will praise the Lord in the congregations.

Psalm 43.

Give sentence with me, O God, and defend my cause against the ungodly people: O deliver me from the deceitful and wicked man.

2 For thou art the God of my strength; why hast thou put me from thee: and why go I so heavily while the enemy oppresseth me?

3 O send out thy light and thy truth, that they may lead me: and bring me unto thy holy hill, and to thy dwelling.

4 And that I may go unto the altar of God, even unto the God of my joy and gladness: and upon the harp will I give thanks unto thee, O God, my God.

5 Why art thou so heavy, O my soul: and why art thou so disquieted within me?

6 O put thy trust in God: for I will yet give him thanks, which is the help of my countenance, and my God.

Psalm 141.

Lord, I call upon thee, haste thee unto me: and consider my voice, when I cry unto thee.

2 Let my prayer be set forth in thy sight as the incense: and let the lifting up of my hands be an evening sacrifice.

3 Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth: and keep the door of my lips.

4 O let not my heart be inclined to any evil thing: let me not be occupied in ungodly works with the

men that work wickedness, lest I eat of such things as please them.

5 Let the righteous rather smite me friendly: and reprove me.

6 But let not their precious balm break my head: yea, I will pray yet against their wickedness.

7 Let their judges be overthrown in stony places: that they may hear my words; for they are sweet.

8 Our bones lie scattered before

the pit: like as when one breaketh and heweth wood upon the earth.

9 But mine eyes look unto thee, O Lord God: in thee is my trust; O cast not out my soul.

10 Keep me from the snare that they have laid for me: and from the traps of the wicked doers.

11 Let the ungodly fall into their own nets together: and let me ever escape them.

SIXTH SELECTION OF PSALMS

Psalm 32.

Blessed is he whose unrighteousness is forgiven: and whose sin is covered.

2 Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth no sin: and in whose spirit there is no guile.

3 For whilst I held my tongue: my bones consumed away through my daily complaining.

4 For thy hand is heavy upon me day and night: and my moisture is like the drought in summer.

5 I will acknowledge my sin unto thee: and mine unrighteousness have I not hid.

6 I said, will I confess my sins unto the Lord, and so thou forgavest the wickedness of my sin,

7 For this shall every one that is godly make his prayer unto thee, in a time when thou mayest be found: but in the great water-floods they shall not come nigh him.

8 Thou art a place to hide me in; thou shalt preserve me from trouble: thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance.

9 I will inform thee, and teach thee in the way wherein thou shalt go: and I will guide thee with mine eye.

10 Be ye not like to horse and mule, which have no understanding: whose mouths must be held with bit and bridle, lest they fall upon thee.

11 Great plagues remain for the ungodly: but whose putteth his trust in the Lord, mercy embraceth him on every side.

12 Be glad, O ye righteous, and rejoice in the Lord: and be joyful, all ye that are true of heart.

Psalm 130.

Out of the deep have I called unto thee, O Lord: Lord, hear my voice.

2 O let thine ears consider well: the voice of my complaint.

3 If, thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss: O Lord, who may abide it?

4 For there is mercy with thee: therefore shalt thou be feared.

5 I look for the Lord: my soul doth wait for him: in his word is my trust.

6 My soul fleeth unto the Lord: before the morning watch, I say, before the morning watch.

7 O Israel, trust in the Lord, for with the Lord there is mercy: and with him is plenteous redemption.

8 And he shall redeem Israel: from all his sins.

Psalm 121.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills: from whence cometh my help.

2 My help cometh even from the Lord: who hath made heaven and earth.

3 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: and he that keepeth thee will not sleep.

4 Behold, he that keepeth Israel: shall neither slumber nor sleep.

5 The Lord himself is thy keeper: the Lord is thy defence upon thy right hand;

6 So that the sun shall not burn thee by day: neither the moon by night.

7 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: yea, it is even he that shall keep thy soul.

8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in: from this time forth for evermore.

Hymns for Sunday School and Church

1

Lo, He Comes.

A musical score for a single melodic line. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The time signature is common time (indicated by 'C'). The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes. The dynamic marking 'mf' (mezzo-forte) is present at the beginning.

1. Lo, He comes, with clouds de-scend-ing, Once for our sal - va-tion slain:
2. Ev - 'ry eye shall now be - hold Him Robed in dread-ful maj - es - ty;
3. Now re-demp-tion, long ex - pect-ed, See in sol-emn pomp ap-peal;
4. Yea, A - men; let all a-dore Thee, High on Thine e - ter - nal throne;

A continuation of the musical score, showing the melody continuing across two measures. The key signature remains B-flat major.

A continuation of the musical score, showing the melody continuing across two measures. The key signature remains B-flat major.

Thou-sand an - gel - hosts at - tend - ing Swell the tri-umph of His train;
Those who set at naught and sold Him, Pierced and nailed Him to a tree,
All His saints, by men re - ject - ed, Now shall meet Him in the air:
Sav - iour, take the pow'r and glo - ry; Claim the kingdoms for Thine own:

A continuation of the musical score, showing the melody continuing across two measures. The key signature changes to B-flat minor (one flat).

A continuation of the musical score, showing the melody continuing across two measures. The key signature changes to B-flat minor.

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Christ, the Lord, re - turns to reign.
Deep-ly wail-ing, Deep-ly wail-ing, Shall the true Mes - si - ah see.
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! See the day of God ap-peal.
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Thou shalt reign, and Thou a-lone. A - men.

A continuation of the musical score, showing the melody continuing across two measures. The key signature changes to B-flat minor.

2 Come, Thou Long Expected Jesus.

C. WESLEY.

STUTTGARD

H. L. HASSSLER [?]

A musical score for three voices. The top line is in C major, the middle line is in G major, and the bottom line is in C major. The music consists of quarter notes and eighth notes.

1. Come, Thou long ex - pect - ed Je - sus, Born to set Thy peo - ple free;
2. Is - rael's strength and con-so - la-tion, Hope of all the earth Thou art;
3. Born Thy peo - ple to de - liv - er, Born a child, and yet a King,
4. By Thine own e - ter - nal Spir - it, Rule in all our hearts a - lone:

Continuation of the musical score for three voices, showing the progression of the melody across the three staves.

From our fears and sins re - lease us; Let us find our rest in Thee,
Dear de - sire of ev - 'ry na - tion, Joy of ev - 'ry long-ing heart.
Born to reign in us for - ev - er, Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.
By Thine all - suf - fic - ient mer - it, Raise us to Thy glorious throne. A-men.

Continuation of the musical score for three voices, showing the final section of the hymn.

3 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

R. PALMER.

L. MASON.

A musical score for three voices. The top line is in G major, the middle line is in F major, and the bottom line is in G major. The music consists of quarter notes and eighth notes.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im-part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
4. When ends life's tran-sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream

Continuation of the musical score for three voices, showing the progression of the melody across the three staves.

Continuation of the musical score for three voices, showing the continuation of the melody across the three staves.

Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray: Take all my
My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my
Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark-ness turn to day; Wipe sor - row's
Shall o'er me roll; Blest Sav-iour, then in love, Fear and dis-

Continuation of the musical score for three voices, showing the final section of the hymn.

My Faith Looks Up to Thee.



guilt a - way; O let me from this day Be whol-ly Thine.
love to Thee Pure, warm and changeless be, A liv - ing fire.
tears a - way; Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side!
trust re-move; O bear me safe a-bove, A ran-somed soul! A-men.



4

Holy Night.



1. Ho - ly night! peace-ful night! All is dark, save the light
2. Ho - ly night! peace-ful night! On - ly for shep - herd's sight
3. Ho - ly night! peace-ful night! Child of heaven! O how bright



Yon-der where they sweet vigil keep O'er the Babe who in si - lent sleep
Came blest vis-ions of An-gel throngs, With their loud Al-le - lu - ia songs,
Thou didst smile on us when Thou wastborn; Blest in-deed was that hap - py morn,..



Rests in heav - en - ly peace, Rests in heav - en - ly peace.
Say - ing, "Je - sus is come," Say - ing, "Je - sus is come."
Full of heav - en - ly joy, Full of heav - en - ly joy.



5

O Come All Ye Faithful.

Tr. F. OAKLEY.

M. PORTOGALLO.

1. O come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful and tri - umph - ant; O come ye, O
 2. God of God, Light of Light, Lo! He ab -
 3. Sing, choirs of an - gels, Sing in ex - ul - ta - tion, Sing, all ye
 4. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this happy morn - ing; Je - su, to

come ye to Beth - le - hem; Come and be - hold Him, Born the King of
 h - ons not the Vir - gin's womb; Ver - y God, Be - got - ten, not cre -
 - cit - i - zens of heaven a - bove, Glo - ry to God In the
 Thee be glo - ry given; Word of the Fa - ther, Now in flesh ap -

an - gels; O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a -
 a - ted; O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a -
 high - est; O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a -
 pear - ing; O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a -

dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him, Christ, the Lord.
 dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him, Christ, the Lord.
 dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him, Christ, the Lord.
 dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him, Christ, the Lord. A-men.

Hark, the Herald Angels Sing.

C. WESLEY.

MENDELSSOHN.

MENDELSSOHN.



1. Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing Glo-ry to the newborn King; Peace on earth and
 2. Christ, by highest heav'n adored, Christ, the ev-er-lasting Lord; Late in time be-
 3. Mild He lays His glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die, Born to raise the



mer - cy mild, God and sin-ners rec - on-cil'd! Joy-ful all ye na-tions, rise,
 hold Him come, Off-spring of the Virgin's womb. Veiled in flesh the God-head sec;
 sons of earth, Born to give them second birth. Risen with healing in His wings,



Join the tri-umph of the skies; With th'an-gel-ic host proclaim Christ is born in
 Hail the In-car-nate Dei-ty, Pleased as Man with man to dwell; Jesus, our Em-
 Light and life to all He brings, Hail, the Sun of Righteousness! Hail, the heaven-born



Beth-le-hem.

man-u - el! Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing Glo-ry to the newborn King. A-men.
 Prince of Peace!



O Little Town of Bethlehem.

PHILLIPS BROOKS

ST. LOUIS.

L. H. REDNER.

1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem! How still we see thee lie;
 2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry, And gath-er'd all a - bove
 3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly, The wondrous gift is giv'n!
 4. O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem! De-scend to us, we pray;

A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by;
 While mor-tals sleep, the an-gels keep Their watch of wond'ring love.
 So God \im - parts to human hearts The blessings of His heav'n.
 Cast out our ,sin, and en - ter in, Be born in us to - day.

Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;
 O morn-ing stars, to - geth - er Pro-claim the ho - ly birth!
 No ear may hear His com - ing, But in this world of sin,
 We hear the Christmas an - gels The great glad tid - ings tell;

The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
 And prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.
 Where meek souls will re-ceive Him still, The dear Christ en-ters in.
 O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Em-man-u - el! A - men.

O Come, O Come, Emmanuel

Tr. J. M. Neale

VENI EMMANUEL.

Ancient Plain Song

The musical score consists of three staves of music in G major, common time. The top staff uses a treble clef, the middle staff an alto clef, and the bottom staff a bass clef. The music features various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, with several fermatas and slurs. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the staff lines. The first section of lyrics is:

1. O come, O come, Em-man - u - el, And ran-som cap-tive Is - ra - el:
 2. O come, Thou Rod of Jes - se, free Thine own from Satan's tyr - an - ny:
 3. O come, Thou Day-Spring, come and cheer Our spir-its by Thine Ad - vent here;

That mourns in lone - ly ex - ile here, Un - til the Son of God ap-peар.
 From depths of hell Thy peo - ple save, And give them victory o'er the grave.
 Dis - perse the gloomy clouds of night, And death's dark shadows put to flight,

Re-joice! Rejoice! Em-man - u - el Shall come to thee, O Is - ra - el!
 Re-joice! Rejoice! Em-man - u - el Shall come to thee, O Is - ra - el!
 Re-joice! Rejoice! Em-man - u - el Shall come to thee, O Is - ra - el! A-men.

4 O come, Thou Key of David, come
 And open wide our heavenly home;
 Make safe the way that leads on high,
 And close the path to misery.
 Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
 Shall come to thee, O Israel!

5 O come, O come, thou Lord of might!
 Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
 In ancient times didst give the law,
 In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
 Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
 Shall come to thee, O Israel!

Earth Has Many a Noble City.

A. C. PRUDENTIUS
Tr. E. CASWELL.

STUTTGARD

H. L. HASSELER.



1. Earth has many a no - ble cit - y, Beth-lehem, thou dost all ex - cel;
2. Fair - er than the sun at morn-ing Was the Star that told His birth,
3. East-ern sa - ges at His cra - die Make ob-la - tions rich and rare;
4. Sa - cred gifts of mys-tic mean-ing, In-cense doth their God dis-close,
5. Je - su, Whom the Gen-tiles worshipped At Thy glad E-piph - a - ny,



Out of thee the Lord from hea-ven Came to rule His Is - ra - el.
To the world its God an-nouncing Seen in flesh-ly form on earth.
See them give, in deep de-vo-tion, Gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.
Gold the King of kings proclaimeth, Myrrh His sepulchre foreshows.
Un - to Thee, with God the Father And the Spir-it, glo - ry be. A-men.



10 Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost.

C. WORDSWORTH.

CAPETOWN

F. FILITZ.



1. Gra-cious Spir - it, Ho - ly Ghost, Taught by Thee we cov - et most,
2. Love is kind, and suf - fers long, Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
3. Proph-e - cy will fade a - way, Melt - ing in the light of day;
4. Faith will vanish in - to sight; Hope be emp-tied in de - light;
5. Faith and Hope and Love we see, Join - ing hand in hand a - gree,
6. From the o - ver - shad - ow - ing Of Thy gold and sil - ver wing,



Of Thy gifts at Pen - te - cost, Ho - ly, heav'n-ly Love.
Love than death it - self more strong; There-fore, g.ve us Love.
Love will ev - er with us stay; There-fore, give us Love.
Love in heav'n will shine more bright; There-fore, give us Love.
But the great-est of the three, And the best, is Love.
Shed on us, who to Thee sing, Ho - ly, heav'n-ly Love. A-men.



Alleluia! Song of Gladness.

Tr. J. M. NEALE.

DULCE CARMEN.

HAYDN.



1. Al - le - lu - ia! song of glad-ness, Voice of joy that can-not die;
2. Al - le - lu - ia thou re-sound-est, True Je - ru - sa - lem and free;
3. Al - le - lu - ia can - not al-ways Be our song while here be - low;



Al - le - lu - ia is the an-them Ev - er dear to choirs on high;
 Al - le - lu - ia joy - ful moth-er, All thy child - ren sing with thee;
 Al - le - lu - ia our trans-gres-sions Make us for a - while fore - go:



In the house of God a - bid - ing Thus they sing e - ter - nal - ly.
 But by Bab - y-lon's sad wa-ters Mourn-ing ex - ilies now are we.
 For the sol-emn time is com-ing When our tears for sin must flow. A-men.



4 Therefore in our hymns we pray Thee
 Grant us blessed Trinity,
 At the last to keep Thine Easter
 In our home beyond the sky;
 There to Thee forever singing
 Alleluia joyfully.

Forty Days and Forty Nights.

G. H. SMYTAN.

HEINLEIN.

P. HEINLEIN.

1. For - ty days and for - ty nights Thou wast fast-ing in the wild;
 2. Shall not we Thy sor - row share, And from earth-ly joys ab - stain,
 3. And if Sa - tan vex - ing sore, Flesh or spir - it should as - sail,

For - ty days and for - ty nights Tempt-ed, and yet un - de - filed.
 Fast - ing with un-ceas-ing pray'r, Glad with Thee to suff - er pain!
 Thou, his Van-quish-er be-fore, Grant we may not faint or fail. A-men.

4 So shall we have peace divine:
 Holier gladness ours shall be;
 Round us, too, shall angels shine,
 Such as ministered to Thee.

5 Keep, O keep us, Saviour dear,
 Ever constant by Thy side;
 That with Thee we may appear
 At the eternal Easter-tide.

13 Lord, in This Thy Mercy's Day.

W. H. M.

ST. PHILIP.

W. H. MONE.

1. Lord in this Thy mer - cy's day, Ere the time shall
 2. Ho - ly Je - su grant us tears, Fill us with heart -
 3. Lord, on us, Thy spir - it pour, Kneel - ing low - ly
 4. By Thy night of ag - o - ny, By Thy sup - pli -
 5. By Thy tears of bit - ter woe, For Je - ru - sa -

pass a - way, On our knees we fall and pray.
 search - ing fears, Ere that day of doom ap - pears.
 at Thy door, Ere it close for - ev - er - more.
 cat - ing cry, By Thy will - ing - ness to die.
 lem be - low, Let us not Thy love fore - go. A - men.

As With Gladness, Men of Old.

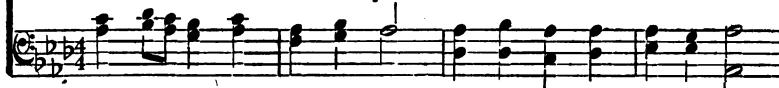
W. C. DIX.

DIX

C. KOCHER.



1. As with glad-ness men of old Did the guid-ing star be - hold:
2. As with joy - ful steps they sped To that low - ly man-ger-bed;
3. As they off - ered gifts most rare At that man-ger rude and bare;



As with joy they hail'd its light, Lead - ing on-ward, beam-ing bright;
There to bend the knee be - fore Him Whom heav'n and earth a - dore;
So may we with ho - ly joy, Pure and free from sin's al - loy,



So, most gracious Lord, may we Ev-er-more be led to Thee.
So may we with will-ing feet, Ev - er seek the mer - cy - seat.
All our cost-l'est treasures bring, Christ! to Thee our heav'n-ly King. A-men.



4 Holy Jesus! every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright,
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown.
Thou its Sun which goes not down,
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.

15 When Our Heads Are Bowed With Woe.

H. H. MILMAN.

REDEHEAD, 47.

R. REDHEAD.

A musical score for three voices. The top staff is in common time, G major, with a key signature of one sharp. The middle staff is in common time, C major, with a key signature of no sharps or flats. The bottom staff is in common time, F major, with a key signature of one sharp. The music consists of three staves of four measures each, followed by a repeat sign and another section of three staves of four measures each.

1. When our heads are bowed with woe, When our bit - ter tears o'er-flow,
2. Thou our throb - bing flesh hast worn, Thou our mor-tal griefs hast borne,
3. When the sol - emn death-bell tolls, For our own de-part-ing souls,

Thou hast bowed the dy - ing head, Thou the blood of life hast shed,

A continuation of the musical score for three voices. The top staff is in common time, G major. The middle staff is in common time, C major. The bottom staff is in common time, F major. The music consists of three staves of four measures each, followed by a repeat sign and another section of three staves of four measures each.

4. When we mourn the lost, the dear, Je - su, Son of Ma - ry, hear!
5. Thou hast shed the hu - man tear; Je - su, Son of Ma - ry, hear!
6. When our fi - nal doom is near, Je - su, Son of Ma - ry, hear!

Thou hast filled a mor - tal bier; Je - su, Son of Ma - ry, hear! A-men.

- 5 When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear!
- 6 Thou the shame, the grief hast known,
Though the sins were not Thine own;
Thou hast designed their load to bear;
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear!

16 In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

RATHBUN.

I. CONKEY.

A musical score for three voices. The top staff is in common time, G major. The middle staff is in common time, C major. The bottom staff is in common time, F major. The music consists of three staves of four measures each, followed by a repeat sign and another section of three staves of four measures each.

1. In the Cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow-ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an - noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up - on my way,

A continuation of the musical score for three voices. The top staff is in common time, G major. The middle staff is in common time, C major. The bottom staff is in common time, F major. The music consists of three staves of four measures each, followed by a repeat sign and another section of three staves of four measures each.

All the light of sa - cred sto-ry Gathers round its head sublime.
Nev-er shall the Cross for-sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the Cross the ra-diance streaming, Adds new lus-tre to the day. A-men.

A final section of the musical score for three voices. The top staff is in common time, G major. The middle staff is in common time, C major. The bottom staff is in common time, F major. The music consists of three staves of four measures each.

W. W HOW.

ST. EDITH.

J. H. KNECHT.



1. O Je - su, Thou art stand-ing Out - side the fast-closed door,
 2. O Je - su, Thou art knock-ing: And lo! that hand is scarred,
 3. O Je - su, Thou art plead-ing . In ac - cents meek and low,



In low - ly pa-tience wait - ing To pass the thres-hold o'er:
 And thorns Thy brow en - cir - cle, And tears Thy face have marred:
 "I died for you, My child - ren, And will ye treat me so?"



Shame on us, Chris-tian bro - thers, His name and sign who bear:
 O love that pass-eth knowl-edge, So pa - tient-ly to wait!
 O Lord, with shame and sor - row We o - pen now the door:



O shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him stand-ing there.
 O sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!
 Dear Sav-iour, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev - er-more. A-men.



O Sacred Head.

ST. BERNARD. TR. H. W. BAKER. ST. CHRISTOPHER.

F. C. MAKER.



1. O Sa - cred Head sur-round - ed By crown of pierc-ing thorn!
 2. I see Thy strength and vig - or, All fad - ing in the strife,
 3. In this, Thy bit - ter pas - sion, Good Shepherd, think of me,
 4. Be near when I am dy - ing: O show Thy Cross to me:



O bleed - ing Head, so wound - ed, Re - viled and put to scorn!
 And death with cru - el rig - or, Be - reav - ing Thee of life;
 With Thy most sweet com - pas - sion, Un - wor - thy though I be;
 And to my suc - cor fly - ing, Come, Lord, and set me free.



Death's pal - lid hue comes o'er Thee, The glow of life de - cays,
 O ag - o - ny and dy - ing! O love to sin - ners free!
 Be -neath Thy cross a - bid - ing For ev - er would I rest,
 These eyes, new faith re - ceiv - ing, From Je - sus shall not move;



Yet an - gel-hosts a - dore Thee, And trem - ble as they gaze.
 Je - su all grace sup -ply - ing, O turn Thy face on me.
 In Thy dear love con - fi - ding, And with Thy pres - ence blest.
 For he who dies be - liev - ing, Dies safe - ly through Thy love. A-men.



O Lamb of God.

1. O Lamb of God, still keep me
Near to Thy wounded side !
'Tis only there in safety
And peace I can abide.
What foes and snares surround me!
What doubts and fears within !
The grace that sought and found me,
Alone can keep me clean.

2. 'Tis only in Thee hiding,
I feel my life secure;
Only in Thee abiding,
The conflict can endure;
Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er every hateful foe;
Thy love my heart sustaineth
In all its care and woe.

3. Soon shall my eyes behold Thee,
With rapture, face to face
One half hath not been told me
Of all Thy power and grace:
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of Thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all Thy saints above.

J. G. Deck.

When I Survey.

J. WATTS.

ROCKINGHAM.

E. MILLER.

1. When I sur -vey the wondrous Cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the Cross of Christ, my God;
3. See from His head, His hands, His feet Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
4. Were the whole realm of na-ture mine, That were a trib-ute far too small

My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet? Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
Love so a-maz-ing, so di-vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all. A-men.

Glory Be To Jesus.

TR. E. CASWALL.

F. FILITZ.

1. Glo - ry be to Je - sus, Who in bit - ter pains
 2. Grace and life e - ter - nal In that blood I find,
 3. Blest thro' end - less ag - es Be the pre - cious stream,
 4. A - bel's blood for venge - ance Plead - ed to the skies;

Poured for me the life - blood From His sa - cred veins!
 Blest be His com - pas - sion, In - fi - nite - ly kind!
 Which from sin and sor - row Doth the world re - deem!
 But the blood of Je - sus For our par - don cries. A-men.

5 Oft as earth exulting
 Wafts its praise on high,
 Angel hosts, rejoicing,
 Make their glad reply.

6 Lift ye then your voices;
 Swell the mighty flood;
 Louder still and louder,
 Praise the precious Blood.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Tune.—MARTYN.

1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
 { While the near-er wa - ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high; }
 2. { Oth - er re - fuge have I none, Hangs my help-less soul on Thee;
 { leave, O, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me. }
 3. { Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;
 { Let the heal - ing streams a-bound; Make and keep me pure with in; }

Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
 All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
 Thou of life the fount-ain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;

Jesus Lover of My Soul.

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last,
Cov - er my de - fense-less head, With the shad - o w of Thy wing.
Spring thou up with-in my heart; Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

23

Alleluia !

Latin: TR. F. POTT.

VICTORY.

From PALESTRINA.

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

1. The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done, The vic - to - ry of life is won;
2. The powers of death have done their worst, But Christ their le - gions hath dis - per sed;
3. The three sad days are quick - ly sped; He rises glo - ri - ous from the dead:
4. He closed the yawn-ing gates of hell, The bars from heav'n's high por - tal s fell;
5. Lord! by the stripes which wound-ed Thee, From death's dread sting Thy ser-vants free,

D. S.

The song of tri-umph has be-gun. Al - le - lu - ia!
Let shout of ho - ly joy out-burst. Al - le - lu - ia!
All glo - ry to our ris - en Head! Al - le - lu - ia!
Let hymns of praise His tri-umphs tell ! Al - le - lu - ia!
That we may live and sing to Thee. Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

24 All Glory, Laud and Honour.

ST. THEODULPH, TR. J. M. NEALE. ST. THEODULPH.

M. TECHNER.

1. { All glo - ry, laud, and hon - our To Thee, Re - deem - er, King ! }
 { To Whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet Ho-san - nas ring. }

The 2d and following verses.

2. Thou art the King of Is - rael, Thou Da-vid's roy - al Son,
 3. The com - pan - y of an - gels Are prais - ing Thee on high;
 4. The peo - ple of the He - brews With palms be - fore Thee went;
 5. To Thee be - fore Thy Pas - sion, They sang their hymns of praise;
 6. Thou didst ac - cept their prais - es; Ac - cept the pray'r's we bring,

Who in the Lord's name com - est The King and Bless-ed One.
 And mor - tal men, and all thfnngs Cre - a - ted, make re - ply.
 Our praise and pray - ers and an-thems Be - fore Thee we pre - sent.
 To Thee, now high ex - alt - ed, Our mel - o - dy we raise.
 Who in all good de - light - est, Thou good and gra - cious King.

After each verse.

{ All glo - ry, land, and hon - our To Thee, Re - deem - er, King ! } A-men.
 { To Whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet Ho-san - nas ring. }

25 At the Lamb's High Feast We Sing.

Latin: Tr. R. CAMPBELL.

ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR.

G. J. ELVEY.



1. At the Lamb's high feast we sing Praise to our vic-to-rious King,
2. Where the Pasch-al blood is poured, Death's dark an-gel sheathes his sword;
3. Might-y Vic-tim from the sky, Hell's fierce pow'rs be-neath Thee lie;
4. East-er tri-umph, East-er joy, Sin a-lone can this de-stroy;



Who hath wash'd us in the tide Flow-ing from His pierc-ed side;
 Is-rael's hosts tri-umph-ant go Thro' the wave that drowns the foe.
 Thou hast con-quered in the fight, Thou hast brought us life and light:
 From sin's pow'r do Thou set free Souls new-born, O Lord, in Thee.



Praise we Him Whose love di-vine Gives His sa-cred blood for wine,
 Praise we Christ, Whose blood wash'd, Pasch-al Vic-tim, Pasch-al bread;
 Now no more can death ap-pall, Now no more the grave en-thrall;
 Hymns of glo-ry and of praise, Ris-en Lord, to Thee we raise;



Gives His bod-y for the feast, Christ, the Vic-tim, Christ the Priest.
 With sin-cer-i-ty and love Eat we man-na from a-bove.
 Thou hast o-pened Par-a-dise, And in Thee Thy saints shall rise.
 Ho-ly Fa-ther, praise to Thee, With the Spir-it, ev-er bo. A-men.



Come Ye Faithful.

Greek: Tr. J. M. NEALE.

EASTERTIDE.



1. Come ye faith-ful, raise the strain Of tri-umph-ant. glad - ness;
2. 'Tis the spring of souls to - day; Christ hath burst His pris - on,
3. Now the Queen of sea - sons bright With the day of splen-dour,
4. Neith - er might the gates of death, Nor the tomb's dark por - tal,



God hath brought His Is - ra - el In - to joy from sad - ness;
 And from three days' sleep in death As a sun hath ris - en;
 With the roy - al feast of feasts, Comes its joy to ren - der;
 Nor the watch - ers, nor the seal, Hold Thee as a mor - tal:



Loosed from Pha-raoh's bit-ter yoke Ja-cob's sons and daugh - ters;
 All the win - ter of our sins, Long and dark is fly - ing
 Comes to glad Je - ru - sa - lem, Who with true af - fec - tion
 But to - day a - midst Thine own Thou didst stand, be - stow - ing



Led them with un-moist-ened foot Thro' the Red Sea wa - ters.
 From His light, to Whom we give Land and praise un - dy - ing.
 Wel-comes in un-wear-ied strains Je - sus' res - ur - rec-tion.
 That Thy peace which ev-er-more Pass - eth hu-man know-ing. A-men.



Jesus Christ is Risen.

Latin: TATE and BRADY.

WORGAN.

From LYRA DAVIDICA.

1. Je - sus Christ is ris'n to - day, Al - - le - lu - ia!
 2. Hymns of praise then let us sing Al - - le - lu - ia!
 3. But the pains which He en-dured, Al - - le - lu - ia!
 4. Sing we to our God a - bove Al - - le - lu - ia!

Our tri-umph-ant ho - ly day, Al - - le - lu - ia!
 Un - to Christ, our heav'n-ly King, Al - - le - lu - ia!
 Our sal - va - tion have pro - cured; Al - - le - lu - ia!
 Praise e - ter - nal as His love; Al - - le - lu - ia!

Who did once up - on the Cross Al - - le - lu - ia!
 Who en-dured the Cross and grave, Al - - le - lu - ia!
 Now a-bove the sky He's King, Al - - le - lu - ia!
 Praise Him all ye heav'n-ly host, Al - - le - lu - ia!

Suf - fer to re-deem our loss. Al - - le - lu - ia!
 Sin - ners to re-deem and save. Al - - le - lu - ia!
 Where the an-gels ev - er sing. Al - - le - lu - ia!
 Fa - ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost. Al - - le - lu - ia! A-men.

Hail the Day That Sees Him Rise.

C. WESLEY.

ASCENSION.

W. H. MONK.

1. Hail the day that sees Him rise Al - le - lu - ia! To His throne a-
 2. There for Him high tri-umph waits; Al - le - lu - ia! Lift your heads, e-
 3. Lo! the heav'n its Lord re- ceives, Al - le - lu - ia! Yet He loves the
 4. See! He lifts His hands a - bove; Al - le - lu - ia! See! He shows the

bove the skies; Al - le - lu - ia! Christ the Lord for sinners giv'n, Al - le-
 ter - nal gates; Al - le - lu - ia! He hath conquer'd death and sin; Al - le-
 earth He leaves, Al - le - lu - ia! Tho' re-turn-ing to His throne, Al - le-
 prints of love; Al - le - lu - ia! Hark! His gra-cious lips be-stow Al - le-

lu - ia! En-ters now the high-est heav'n; Al - le - lu - ia!
 lu - ia! Take the King of glo - ry in; Al - le - lu - ia!
 lu - ia! Still He calls man-kind His own; Al - le - lu - ia!
 lu - ia! Bless-ings on His Church be-low; Al - le - lu - ia! A-men.

5 Still for us He intercedes,
 His prevailing death He pleads,
 Near Himself prepares our place,
 He the first-fruits of our race.

6 Lord, though parted from our sight
 Far above the starry height,
 Grant our hearts may thither rise,
 Seeking Thee above the skies.

Soldiers of Christ, Arise.

(Tune on opposite page.)

1 Soldiers of Christ, arise, And put your armor on; Strong in the strength which God supplies, Through His eternal Son.	3 Stand then in His great might, With all His strength endued; And take, to arm you for the fight, The panoply of God;
2 Strong in the Lord of hosts, And in His mighty power; Who in the strength of Jesus trusts, Is more than conqueror.	4 That, having all things done, And all your conflicts past, Ye may behold your victory won, And stand complete at last. Amen.

30 Crown Him With Many Crowns.

M. BRIDGES.

DIADEMATA.

G. J. ELVEY.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The first staff (M. BRIDGES) has lyrics: "1. Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne; 2. Crown Him the Son of God Be - fore the worlds be - gan; 3. Crown Him the Lord of Life, Who tri - umphed o'er the grave,". The second staff (DIADEMATA) has lyrics: "Hark! how the heav'nly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own; And ye, who tread where He hath trod, Crown Him the Son of Man; And rose vie - to - rious in the strife For those He came to save;". The third staff (G. J. ELVEY) has lyrics: "A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee, Who ev - 'ry grief hath known That wrings the hu - man breast, His glo - ries now we sing Who died and rose on high;". Below the third staff, the lyrics continue: "And hail Him as thy matchless King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty. And takes and bears them for His own, That all in Him may rest. Who died, e - ter - nal life to bring, And lives that death may die. A-men!".

4

Crown Him of lords the Lord,
Who over all doth reign,
Who once on earth, the Incarnate Word,
For ransomed sinners slain,
Now lives in realms of light,
Where saints with angels sing
Their songs before Him day and night,
Their God, Redeemer, King.

5

Crown Him the Lord of heaven,
Enthroned in worlds above;
Crown Him the King, to Whom is given,
The wondrous name of Love,
Crown Him with many crowns,
As thrones before Him fall,
Crown Him, ye kings, with many crowns,
For He is King of all.

31

Our Blest Redeemer.

H. AUBER.

ST. CUTHBERT.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Our blest Re-deem-er, ere He breathed His ten-der, last fare-well,
 2. He came sweet in - flu - ence to im-part, A gra-cious will-ing Guest,
 3. And His that gen - tle voice we hear, Soft as the breath of even,
 4. And ev - ery vir - tue we pos - sess, And ev - ery vic-tory won,
 5. Spir - it of pur - i - ty and grace, Our weak-ness pity-ing, see,

A Guide, a Com-fort - er bequeathed With us to dwell.
 While He can find one hum-ble heart Where-in to rest.
 That checks each tho't, that calms each fear, And speaks of heav'n.
 And ev - 'ry tho't of ho - li - ness, Are His a - lone.
 O make our hearts Thy dwelling place, And worth-i-er Thee. A-men.

32

Come, Gracious Spirit.

S. BROWN, ASH and EVANS.

MENDON.

German.

1. Come, gra-cious Spir - it, Heav'ly Dove, With light and com-fort from a-bove;
 2. The light of truth to us dis-play, And make us know and choose Thy way;
 3. Lead us to Christ, the liv - ing way, Nor let us from His pre-cepts stray;
 4. Lead us to heav'n, that we may share, Ful-ness of joy for - ev - er there;

Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide, O'er ev-'ry tho't and step pre-side.
 Plant ho - ly fear in ev - 'ry heart, That we from Thee may ne'er depart.
 Lead us to ho - li-ness, the road That we must take to dwell with God.
 Lead us to God, our fi - nal rest, To be with Him for - ev - er blest. A-men.

33.

Holy, Holy, Holy!

R. HEBER.

NICEA.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!
 2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! All the saints a - dore Thee,
 3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Tho' the dark-ness hide Thee,
 4. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!

Ear - ly in the morn - ing Our song shall rise to Thee;
 Cast - ing down their gold-en crowns A - round the glass - y sea;
 Tho' the eye of sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see;
 All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, In earth, and sky, and sea;

Hol - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and might - y!
 Cher - u - bim and ser-a - phim, Fall - ing down be - fore Thee,
 On - sy Thou art ho - ly; There is none be - side Thee,
 Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and might - y!

God in Three Per - sons, Bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
 Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shall be.
 Per - fect in power, in love, and pur - i - ty.
 God in Three Per - sons, Bless - ed Trin - i - ty. A-men.

Round the Lord.

R. MANT.

G. F. COBB.



1. 'Round the Lord in glo - ry seat - ed, Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim,
 2. Heav'n is still with glo - ry ring - ing, Earth takes up the an - gels cry,
 3. "Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heav - en, Earth is with Thy full-ness stored;



Filled His tem - ple, and re-pea - ted Each to each the al - ter - nate hymn;
 "He - ly Ho - ly, Ho - ly, sing - ing, "Lord of Hosts, the Lord most High."
 Un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord."



"Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heav - en, Earth is with Thy full-ness stored.
 With His ser - aph train be - fore Him, With His ho - ly Church be - low,
 Thus Thy glor - ious Name con - fess - ing, With Thine an - gel hosts we cry,



Un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord."
 Thus u - nite we to a - dore Him, Bid we thus our an - them flow:
 "Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly" bless - ing Thee, the Lord of Hosts most high. A - men.



For All the Saints.

W. W. HOW.

SARUM.

J. BARNEY.

1. For all the saints, who from their labours rest, Who Thee by
 2. Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might: Thou, Lord, their
 3. O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold, Fight as the
 4. O blest communion, fellowship divine! We feebly
 faith be - fore the world con - fessed, Thy Name, O Je - su,
 Cap-tain in the well-fought fight; Thou in the dark - ness
 saints who nob - ly fought of old, And win, with them the
 strug-gle, they in glo - ry shine; Yet all are one in
 be for - ev - er bless'd, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia.
 drear, the one true Light, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia.
 vic-tor's crown of gold, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia.
 Thee for all are Thine, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia. A-men.

5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
 Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
 And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
 Alleluia.

6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
 Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
 Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.
 Alleluia.

7 But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
 The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
 The King of Glory passes on His way.
 Alleluia.

8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
 Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
 Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
 Alleluia.

E. H. BICKERSTETH.

G. T. CALDBECK.

1. Peace, per - fect peace, in this dark world of sin?
 2. Peace, per - fect peace, by thron - ing du - ties pressed?
 3. Peace, per - fect peace, with sor - rows surg - ing round?
 4. Peace, per - fect peace, with loved ones far a - way?
 5. Peace, per - fect peace, our fu - ture all un - known?
 6. Peace, per - fect peace, death shadow - ing us and ours?
 7. It is e - enough: earth's strug - gles soon shall cease,

The blood of Je - sus, whis - pers peace with - in.
 To do the will of Je - sus; this is rest.
 On Je - sus' bos - om naught but calm is found.
 In Je - sus' keep - ing we are safe, and they.
 Je - sus we know, and He is on the throne.
 Je - sus has van - quished death and all its pow'r's.
 And Je - sus call us to heav'n's per - fect peace. A - men.

TUNE, opposite page.

1 To-day Thy mercy calls us
 To wash a-way our sins,
 How ever great our trespass,
 What ever we have been;
 How ever long from mercy
 Our hearts have turned a-way,
 Thy precious blood can cleanse us,
 And make us white to-day.

2 To-day Thy gate is open,
 And all who enter in;
 Shall find a Father's welcome,
 And pardon for their sin;
 The past shall be forgotten,
 A present joy be given,
 A future grace be promised,
 A glorious crown in heaven.

3 To-day our Father calls us,
 His Holy Spirit waits;
 His blessed angels gather
 Around the heavenly gates:
 No question will be asked us
 How often we have come;
 Although we oft have wandered,
 It is our Father's home.

4 Oh, all-embracing mercy!
 Oh, ever-open door!
 What shall we do without Thee
 When heart and eyes run o'er?
 When all things seem against us,
 To drive us to despair,
 We know one gate is open,
 One ear will hear our prayer.

From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

R. HEBER.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

L. MASON.



1. From Green-land's i - cy moun-tains, From In-dia's cor-al strand,
 2. What tho' the spic - y breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey-lon's isle;
 3. Can we, whose souls are light - ed With wis-dom from on high;
 4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters roll,



Where Af-ric's sun-ny foun-tains, Roll down their gold - en sand;
 Tho' ev - 'ry pros-pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile:
 Can we to men be - night - ed The lamp of life de - ny?
 Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole



From ma - ny an an-cient riv - er, From ma - ny a palm - y plain,
 In vain with lav - ish kind-ness The gifts of God are strown;
 Sal - va - tion, O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,
 Till o'er our ran-somed na - ture, The Lamb for sin - ners slain,



They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er-ror's chain.
 The hea-then in his blind-ness Bows down to wood and stone.
 Till each re - mot-est na - tion Has learnt Mes - si - ah's Name.
 Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re-turns to reign. A-men.



Pleasant Are Thy Courts Above.

H. F. LYTE.

ST. GEORGE'S WINDSOR.

G. J. ELVEY.

1. Pleas - ant are Thy courts a - bove,
2. Hap - py birds that sing and fly
3. Hap - py souls! their prais-es flow
4. Lord, be mine this prize to win;

In the land of light and love;
Round Thy al - tars, O Most High!
Ev - er in this vale of woe;
Guide me thro' a world of sin;

Pleas-ant are Thy courts be - low
Hap - pier souls that find a rest
Wa - ters in the des - ert rise,
Keep me by Thy sav-ing grace;

In this land of sin and woe.
In a heav'n - ly Fa-ther's breast.
Man-na feeds them from the skies:
Give me at Thy side a place.

O my spir - it longs and faints For the con-verse of Thy saints;
Like the wan-d'ring dove, that found No re - pose on earth a-round,
On they go from strength to strength Till they reach Thy throne at length,
Sun and shield a - like Thou art; Guide and guard my err - ing heart.

For the bright-ness of Thy face, For Thy ful-ness, God of grace.
They can to their ark re - pair And en - joy it ev - er there.
At Thy feet a - dor - ing fall, Who hast led them safe thro' all.
Grace and glo-ry flow from Thee; Show'r, O show'r them, Lord, on me! A-men.

The Church's One Foundation.

S. J. STONE.

AURELIA.

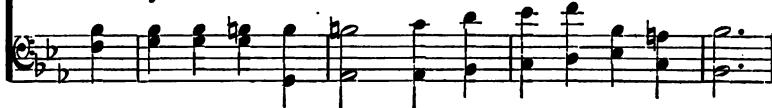
S. S. WESLEY.



1. The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;
 2. E - lect from ev - 'ry na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,
 3. Tho' with a scorn-ful won - der Men see her sore op - prest,
 4. 'Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion, And tu - mult of her war
 5. Yet she on earth hath u - nion With God the Three in One,



She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word;
 Her char - ter of sal - va - tion, One Lord, one Faith, one Birth;
 By schisms rent a - sun - der, By her - e - sies dis - trest;
 She waits the con - sum - ma - tion Of peace for - ev - er - more;
 And mys - tic sweet com - mu - nion With those whose rest is won:



From heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride;
 One ho - ly Name she bless - es, Par - takes one ho - ly food,
 Yet saints their watch are keep - ing, Their cry goes up "How long?"
 Till with the vis - ion glo - rious Her long - ing eyes are blest,
 O hap - py ones and ho - ly! Lord, give us grace that we



With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.
 And to one hope she press - es, With ev - 'ry grace en - dued.
 And soon the night of weep - ing Shall be the morn of song.
 And the great Church vic - to - rious Shall be the Church at rest.
 Like them, the meek and low - ly, On high may dwell with Thee. A-men.



Fling Out the Banner.

G. W. DOANE.

WALTHAM.

J. B. CALKIN.



1. Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide;
2. Fling out the ban-ner! an - gels befd! In anx-iou-s si-lence o'er the sign;
3. Fling out the ban-ner! heathen lands Shall see from far the glo-ri-ous sight,
4. Fling out the ban-ner! sin-sick souls That sink and per - ish in the strife,



The sun that lights its shin-ing folds, The cross, on which the Saviour died.
 And vain - ly seek to com-pre-hend The won-der of the love di-vine.
 And na-tions, crowd-ing to be born, Baptize their spir-its in its light.
 Shall touch in faith its ra-diant hem, And spring immortal in - to life, A-men.



- 5 Fling out the banner! let it float Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
 Our glory, only in the cross;
 Our only hope, the Crucified!
- 6 Fling out the banner! wide and high,
 Seaward and skyward, let it shine:
 Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
 We conquer only in that sign.

42 The King of Love My Shepherd Is.

W. H. BAKER.

DOMINUS REGIT ME.

J. B. DYKES.



1. The King of love my Shep-herd is, Whose good-ness fail-eth nev - er;
2. Where streams of living wa-ter flow My ran-somed soul He lead - eth,
3. Per-verse and fool - ish oft I strayed, But yet in love He sought me,
4. In death's dark vale I fear no ill With Thee, dear Lord, be - side me;



The King of Love My Shepherd.

2/4 time signature, key of G major. The music consists of two staves. The first staff uses a treble clef and the second staff uses a bass clef. The melody is simple, featuring mostly quarter notes and eighth notes.

I noth - ing lack if I am His, And He is mine for - ev - er.
 And, where the ver-dant pas-tures grow, With food ce-les-tial feed - eth.
 And on His shoul-der gen - tly laid, And home, rejoicing, brought me.
 Thy rod and staff my com - fort still, Thy Cross be-fore to guide me. A-men.

5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
 Thy unction grace bestoweth;
 And O what transport of delight
 From Thy pure chalice floweth!

6 And so thro' all the length of days,
 Thy goodness faileth never:
 Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
 Within Thy house for ever.

43

We Love the Place.

W. BULLOCK.

QUAM DILECTA.

(7)

2/4 time signature, key of C major. The music consists of two staves. The first staff uses a treble clef and the second staff uses a bass clef. The melody is simple, featuring mostly quarter notes and eighth notes.

1. We love the place, O God, Where - in Thine hon - our dwells;
2. We love the house of prayer, Where - in Thy ser - vants meet;
3. We love the sa - cred Font, Where - in the ho - ly Dove
4. We love Thine Al - tar, Lord, Its mys - te - ries re - vere;

2/4 time signature, key of C major. The music continues from the previous staff, consisting of two staves. The first staff uses a treble clef and the second staff uses a bass clef. The melody continues with simple quarter and eighth notes.

The joy of Thine a - bode All oth - er joy ex - cels.
 For Thou, O Lord, art there Thy chos - en ones to greet.
 Be - stows, as ev - er wont, His bless-ings from a - bove.
 For there in faith a - dored, We find Thy pres-en-ce near. A-men.

2/4 time signature, key of C major. The music continues from the previous staff, consisting of two staves. The first staff uses a treble clef and the second staff uses a bass clef. The melody continues with simple quarter and eighth notes.

5 We love Thy holy Word
 The lamp Thou gavest to guide
 All wanderer home, O Lord,
 Home to their Fa-ther's side.

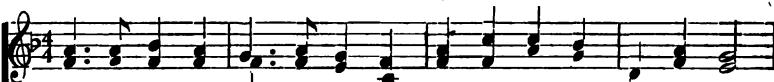
6 Then let us sing the love
 To us so freely given,
 Until we sing above
 The triumph-song of heaven!

Love Divine.

C. WESLEY.

WESTON.

J. E. ROWE.



1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cell-ing, Joy of heav'n to earth come down!
 2. Come, Al-might-y to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy life re - ceive.
 3. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion, Pure and spot-less let us be:



Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell-ing, All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
 Come to us, dear Lord, and nev - er, Nev - er more Thy tem - ples leave.
 Let us see our whole sal - va - tion, Per-fect - ly se - cured in Thee.



Je - sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art;
 Thee we would be al - way bless-ing; Serve Thee as Thy hosts a - bove;
 Changed from glo-ry in - to glo - ry, Till in heav'n we take our place:



Vis - it us' with Thy sal-va-tion, En-ter ev - 'ry trem-bl-ing heart.
 Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing; Glo-ry in Thy per-fect love.
 Till we cast our crowns be-fore Thee, Lost in won-der, love, and praise. A-men.



Alleluia!

TYROLESE.



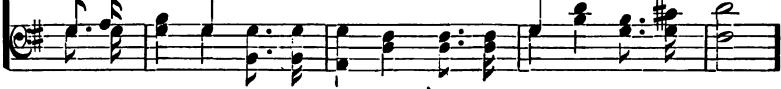
1. Al - le - lu - ia! sing to Je - sus! His the scep - tre, His the throne;
2. Al - le - lu - ia! not as or-phans, Are we left in sor - row now;
3. Al - le - lu - ia! Bread of Heav-en, Thou on earth our Food, our Stay!



Al - le - lu - ia! His the tri - umph, His the vic - to - ry a - lone:
 Al - le - lu - ia! He is near us, Faith be-lieves, nor ques-tions how:
 Al - le - lu - ia! here the sin - ful Flee to Thee from day to day:



Hark! the songs of peace-ful Si - on Thun-der like a might - y flood;
 Tho' the cloud from sight received Him, When the for - ty days were o'er:
 In - ter - cess-or, Friend of sin-ners, Earth's Re-deem-er, plead for me,



Je - sus out of ev - 'ry nation, Hath re-deem'd us by His blood.
 Shall our hearts for-get His promise, "I am with you ev - er-more?"
 Where the songs of all the sinless Sweep a-cross the crys-tal sea. A-men.



4 Alleluia! King eternal,
 Thee the Lord of lords we own;
 Alleluia! born of Mary,
 Earth Thy footstool, heaven Thy throne:
 Thou within the veil hast entered,
 Robed in flesh, our great High Priest;
 Thou on earth both Priest and Victim
 In the Eucharistic feast.

5 Alleluia! sing to Jesus!
 His the sceptre, His the throne;
 Alleluia! His the triumph,
 His the victory alone;
 Hark! the songs of holy Sion
 Thunder like a mighty flood;
 Jesus out of every nation
 Hath redeemed us with His blood.

O Paradise!

F. W. FABER.

PARADISE.

J. BARNBY.



1. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a-dise, Who doth not crave for rest?
 2. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a-dise, The world is grow-ing old;
 3. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a-dise, We long to sin no more;



Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest;
 Who would not be at rest and free Where love is nev - er cold?
 We long to be as pure on earth As on thy spot-less shore;



Where loy - al hearts and true,



Where loy - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,



All rap-ture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight. A - men.



4 O Paradise, O Paradise,
 We shall not wait for long;
 E'en now the loving ear may catch
 Faint fragments of Thy song;
 Where loyal hearts, etc.

5. Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
 O keep us in Thy love,
 And guide us to that happy land
 Of perfect rest above;
 Where loyal hearts, etc.

Ten-Thousand Times.

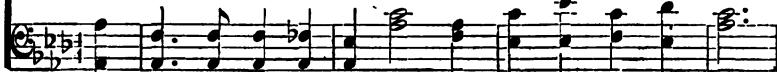
H. ALFORD.

ALFORD.

J. B. DYKES.



1. Ten-thou-sand times ten thou-s-and In spark-ling rai-ment bright,
 2. What rush of al-le-lu-ias Fills all the earth and sky!
 3. O then what rap-tured greet-ings On Ca-naan's hap-py shore!
 4. Bring near Thy great sal-va-tion, Thou Lamb for sin-ners slain;



The ar-mies of the ran-somed saints Throng up the steepes of light;
 What ring-ing of a thou-sand harps Be-speaks the tri-umph nigh!
 What knit-ting sev-ered friend-ships up, Where part-ings are no more!
 Fill up the roll of Thine e-lect, Then take Thy pow'r and reign!



'Tis fin-ished! all is fin-ished, Their fight with death and sin;
 O day, for which cre-a-tion And all its tribes were made!
 Then eyes with joy shall spark-le That brimmed with tears of late;
 Ap-pear, De-sire of na-tions! Thine ex-iles long for home;



Fling o-pen wide the gold-en gates, And let the vic-tors in.
 O joy, for all its form-er woes A thou-sand-fold re-paid!
 Or-phans no long-er fa-ther-less, Nor wid-ows des-o-late.
 Show in the heav'n's Thy promised sign! Thou Prince and Saviour, come! A-men.



Hark! Hark, My Soul.

F. W. FABER.

H. SMART.

1. Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel-ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields, and
 2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, wear-y souls, for
 3. Far, far a - way like bells at evening pealing, The voice of Je - sus

o-cean's wavebeat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell - ing
 Je - sus bids you come;" And thro' the dark, its ech-oes sweet-ly ring - ing.
 sounds o'er land and sea, And la-den souls by thousands meek-ly steal-ing,

CHORUS.

Of that new life when sin shall be no more! An-gels of Je-sus,
 The mus-ic of the Gos-pel leads us home.
 Kind Shep-herd, turn their wear-y steps to Thee.

An - gels of light, Sing-ing to wel - come the pil-grims of the night. Amen.

4. Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
 The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
 Faith's journeys end in welcome to the weary,
 And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

5. Angels sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
 Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above:
 Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
 And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

O Mother Dear, Jerusalem.

WITH PERMISSION OF REV. C. L. HUTCHINS.

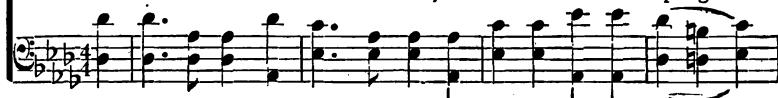
D. DICKSON.

MATERNA.

S. A. WARD.



1. O moth-er dear, Je - ru - sa - lem, When shall I come to thee?
2. No mur-ky cloud o'er shad-ows thee, Nor gloom, nor dark-some night;
3. Thy gar-dens and thy good - ly walks Con-tin - ual - ly are green,
4. Those trees for ev - er-more bear fruit, And ev - er-more do spring:



When shall my sor-rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?
 But ev-'ry soul shines as the sun; For God Him-self gives light.
 Where grow such sweet and pleas-ant flow'rs As no-where else are seen.
 There ev - er-more the an - gels are, And ev - er - more do sing.



O hap - py har-bour of God's saints! O sweet and pleas-ant soill
 O my sweet home, Je - ru - sa - lem, Thy joys when shall I see?
 Right thro' thy streets, with sil-ver soundThe liv - ing wa - ters flow,
 Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Would God I were in thee!



In Thee no sor-row can be found, Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.
 The King that sit-teth on thy throne In His fe - lic - i - ty?
 And on the banks, on eith - er side, The trees of life do grow.
 Would God my woes were at an end, Thy joys that I might see! A-men.



Jerusalem the Golden.

Tr. J. M. NEAL.

EWING.

A. EWING.



1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest;
 2. They stand, those halls of Si - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,
 3. There is the throne of Da - vid; And there, from care re - leased,
 4. O sweet and blessed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect!



Be -neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.
 And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng;
 The shout of them that tri - umph, The song of them that feast;
 O sweet and blessed coun - try, That ea - ger hearts ex - pect!



I know not, O I know not, What joys a - wait us there!
 The Prince is ev - er in them, The day-light is se - rene;
 And they, who with their Lead - er, Have con-quered in the fight,
 Je - su, in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of rest!



What ra-dian-cy of glo - ry! What bliss be-yond com-pare!
 The pas-tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo-rious sheen.
 For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.
 Who art with God, the Fa - ther, And Spir - it ev - er blest. A-men.



Christ is Made.

J. M. NEAL.

REGENT SQUARE.

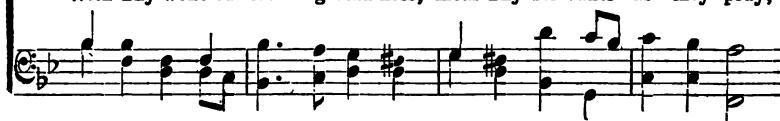
H. SMART.



2. All that ded - i - ca - ted cit - y, Dear - ly loved of God on high,
3. To this tem-ple, where we call Thee, Come, O Lord of hosts, to day:



Chos-en of the Lord, and pre-cious, Bind-ing all the Church in one;
In ex - ul - tant ju - bi - la - tion, Pours per - pet - ual mel - o - dy;
With Thy wont-ed lov - ing kind-ness, Hear Thy ser-vants as they pray;



Ho - ly Si - on's help for - ev - er, And her con-fi-dence a - lone.
God the One in Thee a-dor-ing, In glad hymns e-ter - nal - ly.
And Thy full - est ben - e - dic-tion, Shed with-in its walls al-way. Amen.

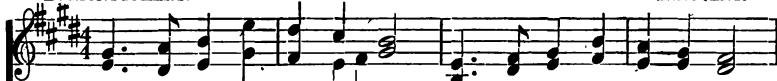


- 4 Here vouch-safe to all Thy servants,
What they ask of Thee to gain,
What they gain from Thee, forever
With the blessed to retain,
And hereafter in Thy glory
Evermore with Thee to reign.

Songs of Praise.

D. MONTGOMERY.

INNOCENT.



1. Songs of praise the an - gels sang, Heav'n with al - le - lu - ias rang.
2. Songs of praise a - woke the morn, When the Prince of Peace was born;
3. Heav'n and earth must pass a - way; Songs of praise shall crown that day:



When Je - ho - vah's work be-gun, When He spake and it was done.
 Songs of praise a - rose, when He Cap - tive led cap - tiv - i - ty.
 God will make new heav'ns and earth; Songs of praise shall hail their birth. A-men.



- 4 And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; the Church delights to rise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.
- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
- Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
- 6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

53 Glory to the Father Give.

- 1 Glory to the Father give,
God in whom we move and live;
Children's prayers He deigns to hear,
Children's songs delight His ear.
- 2 Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King;
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for He was slain.
- 3 Glory to the Holy Ghost!
Be this day a Pentecost:
Children's minds may He inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire.
- 4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the Gospel from above,
For the word that "God is love."

J. MONTGOMERY.

54 Children of the Heavenly King.

J. CENNICK.

PLEYEL'S HYMN.

I. PLEYEL.



1. Children of the heav'n-ly King,
2. We are trav'ling home to God,
3. Lift your eyes, ye sons of light!
- As ye jour - ney, sweet - ly sing,
In the way the fath - ers trod
Si - on's cit - y is in sight;



Children of the Heavenly King.



Sing our Sav-ior's worthy praise; Glo-rious in His works and ways!
They are hap-py now, and we Soon their hap-pi-ness shall see.
There our endless home shall be, There our Lord we soon shall see. A - men.



4. Fear not brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

5. Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

55 O God, Our Help in Ages Past.

I. WATTS.

ST. ANNE.

W. CROFT.



1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
2. Un - der the shad-ow of Thy throne Thy saints have dwelt se - cure;
3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re-ceived her frame;
4. A thou - sand a - ges in Thy sight Are like an ev'-ning gone;



Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast And our e - ter-nal home:
Suf - fi - cient is Thine arm a - lone, And our de-fense is sure.
From ev - er - last - ing Thou art God, To end-less years the same.
Short as the watch that ends the night Be - fore the ris-ing sun. A-men.



5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away:
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our Guide while life shall last,
And our eternal home.



Go Forward, Christian Soldier.

L. TUTTIETT.

LANCASHIRE.

H. SMART.



1. Go for - ward, Chris-tian sol - dier, Be -neath His ban-ner true,
2. Go for - ward, Chris-tian sol - dier! Fear not the se -cret foe;
3. Go for - ward, Chris-tian sol - dier! Nor dream of peace-ful rest,
4. Go for - ward, Chris-tian sol - dier! Fear not the gath'-ring night.



The Lord Him-self, thy Lead - er, Shall all thy foes sub - due.
 Far more o'er thee are watch - ing Than hu - man eyes can know:
 Till Sa - tan's host is van - quished And heav'n is all pos-sessed;
 The Lord has been thy shel - ter; The Lord will be thy light.



His love fore-tells thy tri - als; He knows thine hour-ly need,
 Trust on - ly Christ thy Cap - tain; Cease not to watch and pray;
 Till Christ Him-self shall call thee To lay thine arm-or by,
 When morn His face re - veal - eth, Thy dan - gers all are past:



He can with bread of heav - en Thy faint-ing spir - it feed.
 Heed not the treach - rous voic - es That lure thy soul a - stray.
 And wear in end - less glo - ry The crown of vic - to - ry.
 O pray that faith and vir - tue May keep thee to the last. A-men.



Onward, Christian Soldiers.

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. On-ward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of
 2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are
 3. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, King-doms rise and wane; But the Church of
 4. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap - py throng; Blend with ours your

Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
 tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
 Je - sus Con-stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er
 voic - es In the tri - umph-song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or,

Leads against the foe; Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban-ners go!
 All one bod - y we; One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
 'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, Which can nev - er fail.
 Un - to Christ the King; This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

CHORUS.

On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers! Marching as to war,

With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

Golden Harps Are Sounding.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

ST. THERESA.

A. S. SULLIVAN.



1. Golden harps are sound-ing, An-gel voic-es sing, Pearl-y gates are o-pened,
 2. He who came to save us, He who bled and died, Now is crown'd with glo-ry,
 3. Plead-ing for His chil-dren In that bless-ed place, Call - ing them to glo - ry,



O-pened for the King! Je-sus, King of Glo-ry, Je - sus, King of Love,
 At His Fa-ther's side, Nev-er more to suf-fer, Nev - er more to die;
 Sending them His grace; His bright home preparing Faith - ful ones, for you;



Is gone up in tri-umph, To His throne a-bove. All His work is end-ed;
 Je - sus, King of Glo - ry, Is gone up on high! All His work is end-ed;
 Je - sus ev - er liv - eth, Ev - er lov-eth too. All His work is end-ed;



Golden Harps are Sounding.

Unison.

The musical notation consists of three staves of music. The first staff starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. It features eighth-note patterns and rests. The second staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The third staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics "Joy-ful-ly we sing, Je-sus hath as-cend-ed! Glo-ry to our King. A-men." are written below the staves.

59 Brightly Gleams Our Banner.

(Use Preceding Tune.)

1 Brightly gleams our banner
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high.
Journeying o'er the desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
And with hearts united
Take our heavenward way.
Brightly gleams our banner
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high.

2 Jesu, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing
See Thy children meet:
Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray;
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.

3 All our days direct us
In the way we go,
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe:
Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lower,
Pardon, Lord, and save us
In the last dread hour.

4 Then with saints and angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy throne of love;
When the toil is over,
Then comes rest and peace,
Jesus in His beauty,
Songs that never cease.
Brightly gleams, etc.

T. J. POTTER. 1860.

60 Jesus, Tender Shepherd.

M. DUNCAN.

BROCKLESBURY.

CLARIBEL.

The musical notation consists of three staves of music. The first staff starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The second staff starts with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The third staff starts with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics for the first verse are: "1. Je - sus, tender Shep-herd, hear me; Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to-night; 2. All this day Thy hand has led me, And I thank Thee for Thy care; 3. Let my sins all be for - giv - en; Bless the friends I love so well: Thro' the dark-ness be Thou near me, Keep me safe till morn-ing light. Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed me; Lis-ten to my eve-ning prayer! Take us all at last to heav-en, Hap-py there with Thee to dwell. A-men."

Once In Royal David's City.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

IRBY.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



1. Once in roy - al Da-vid's ci - ty, Stood a low - ly cat - tle shed,
2. He came down to earth from heav-en, Who is God and Lord of all,
3. And, thro' all his won-dr'ous child-hood, He would hon - our and o - obey,
4. For He is our child-hoods pat - tern; Day by day like us He grew;



Where a moth - er laid her Ba - by, In a man - ger for His bed:
 And His shel - ter was a sta - ble, And His crad - le was a stall;
 Love, and watch the low - ly maid-en In whose gen - tle arms He lay;
 He was lit - tle, weak and help-less, Tears and smiles like us He knew;



Ma - ry was that moth-er mild, Je - sus Christ her lit - tle child.
 With the poor, and mean, and low-ly, Lived on earth our Sav-iour ho-ly.
 Chris-tian child-ren all must be Mild, o-be-di-ent, good as He.
 And He feel-eth for our sad - ness, And He shar-eth in our glad-ness. A-men.



5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
 Through His own re-deem-ing love;
 For that child so dear and gentle
 Is our Lord in heaven above;
 And He leads His children on
 To the place where He has gone.

6 Not in that poor lowly stable,
 With the oxen standing by,
 We shall see Him; but in heaven,
 Set at God's right hand on high;
 When like stars His children crown'd,
 All in white shall wait around.

62 The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

R. HEBER.

ALL SAINTS.

H. S. CUTLER.



pain;
 pain,
 mane;
 pain:



They bow'd their necks the death to feel: Who fol-lows in their train?
 O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol-low in their train. A-men.

Stand Up for Jesus.

G. DUFFIELD.

WEBB.

G. J. WEBB.



1. Stand up, stand up, for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the Cross!
 2. Stand up, stand up, for Je - sus! The trum-pet call o - bey!
 3. Stand up, stand up, for Je - sus! Stand in His strengtha - lone!
 4. Stand up, stand up, for Je - sus! The strife will not be long:



Lift high His roy - al ban - ner! It must not suf-fer loss:
 Forth to the mighty con - flict. In this His glo-ri-ous day!
 The arm of flesh will fail you, Ye dare not trust your own:
 This day, the noise of bat - tle; The next, the vic-tor's song.



From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His arm-y shall He lead;
 Ye that are men now serve Him A - gainst un - num-bered foes!
 Put on the gos - pel arm - or, And watch-ing un - to pray'r,
 To him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be;



Till ev - 'ry foe is van-quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
 Let cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op-pose.
 When du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want-ing there!
 He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly. A-men.



When, His Salvation Bringing.

(Use preceding tune.)

1 When, His salvation bringing,
 To Sion Jesus came,
 The children all stood singing
 Hosanna to His Name;
 Nor did their zeal offend Him,
 But as He rode along,
 He let them still attend Him,
 And smiled to hear their song.

2 And since the Lord retaineth
 His love to children still,
 Though now as King He reigneth
 On Sion's heavenly hill;
 We'll flock around His banner,
 Who sits upon the throne,
 And cry aloud, Hosanna
 To David's royal Son.

3 For should we fail proclaiming
 Our great Redeemer's praise,
 The stones, our silence shaming,
 Might well hosannas raise.
 But shall we only render
 The tribute of our words?
 No; while our hearts are tender,
 They too shall be the Lord's.

J. KING.

Jesus, Meek and Gentle.

G. R. PRYNNE.

GENTLE JESUS.

J. E. ROM.

1. Je - sus, meek, and gen - tle, Son of God most High,
 2. Par - don our of - fen - ces, Loose our cap-tive chains,
 3. Give us ho' - ly free - dom, Fill our hearts with love;

Pity-ing, lov - ing Sav - iour, Hear Thy chil-dren's cry...
 Break down ev - 'ry i - dol Which our soul de - tains.
 Draw us, ho - ly Je - sus, To the realms a - bove. A-men.

4 Lead us on our journey,
 Be Thyself the way
 Through terrestrial darkness
 To celestial day.

5 Jesus, meek and gentle,
 Son of God most High,
 Pitying, loving Savior,
 Hear Thy children's cry.

66 I Think When I Read That Sweet Story.

ANON.



1. I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When
2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His
3. Yet still to His foot - stool in pray'r I may go, And



Je - sus was here a-mong men, How He called lit - tle chil - dren as
arm had been thrown a-round me, And that I might have seen His kind
ask for a share in His love; And if I thus ear - nest - ly



lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then.
look when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me."
seek Him be - low, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove. A-men.



4 In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children shall be with Him there,
For "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

5 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I wish they could know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

There is a Blessed Home.

H. W. BAKER.

H. F. HEMY.



1. There is a bless-ed home Be - yond this land of woes,
 2. There is a land of peace: Good an-gels know it well;
 3. O joy, all joys be-yond, To see the Lamb Who died,
 4. Look up; ye saints of God: Nor fear to tread be-low



Where tri-als nev-er come, Nor tears of sor-row flow;
 Glad songs that nev-er cease With-in its por-tals swell;
 And count each sa-cred wound In hands and feet and side!
 The path your Sav-i-or trod Of dai-ly toil and woe!



Where faith is lost in sight, And pa-tient hope is crowned,
 A-round its glo-rious throne Ten thou-sand saints a-dore
 To give to Him the praise Of ev'-ry tri-umph won,
 Wait but a lit-tle while In un-com-plain-ing love!



And ev-er-last-ing light Its glo-ry throws a-round.
 Christ, with the Fa-ther One, And Spir-it ev-er-more.
 And sing thro' end-less days The great things He hath done!
 His own most gra-cious smile Shall wel-come you a-bove. A-men.



Now the Day is Over.

J. BARNEY.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw-ing nigh;
 2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose;
 3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vis - ions bright of Thee;
 4. Com - fort ev - 'ry suf - 'rer Watch-ing late in pain;

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a-cross the sky;
 With Thy tend'rest bless - ing May our eye-lids close.
 Guard the sail - ors toss - ing On the deep, blue sea.
 Those who plan some e - vil From their sins re - strain. A - men.

evening Steal a-cross the sky.

5 Through the long night-watches
 May Thine angels spread
 Their white wings above me,
 Watching round my bed.

6 When the morning wakens,
 Then may I arise
 Pure, and fresh and sinless
 In Thy holy eyes.

Three in One.

C. RORISON.

CHARITY.

J. STAINER.

1. Three in One, and One in Three, Rul-er of the earth and sea,
 2. Light of lights with morn - ing shine, Lift on us Thy light di - vine:
 3. Light of lights! when falls the ev'n, Let it close on sin for - giv'n;
 4. Three in One, and One in Three, Dim-ly here we wor-ship Thee;

rall Voices in Unison

Hear us while we lift to Thee Ho - ly chant and psalm.
 And let char - i - ty be - nign Breathe on us her balm.
 Fold us in the peace of heav'n; Shed a ho - ly calm.
 With the saints here-after we Hope to bear the palm. A - men.

When Morning Gilds the Skies.

Tr. E. CASWELL.

J. BARNEY.

1. When morn-ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries,
 2. When-e'er the sweet church bell Peals o - ver hill and dell,
 3. My tongue shall nev - er tire Of chant-ing with the choir,
 4. When sleep her balm de - nies, My sil - ent spir - it sighs.

May Je - sus Christ be praised! A - like at work and prayer
 May Je - sus Christ be praised! O, hark to what it sings,
 May Je - sus Christ be praised! This song of sa - cred joy,
 May Je - sus Christ be praised! When e - vil thoughts mol-est,

To Je-sus I re - pair: May Je - sus Christ be praised!
 As joy-ous - ly it rings, May Je - sus Christ be praised!
 It nev - er seems to cloy, May Je - sus Christ be praised!
 With this I shield my breast, May Je - sus Christ be praised! A-men.

5 Does sadness fill my mind?
 A solace here I find,
 May Jesus Christ be praised!
 Or fades my earthly bliss?
 My comfort still is this,
 May Jesus Christ be praised!

6 The night becomes as day,
 When from the heart we say,
 May Jesus Christ be praised!
 The powers of darkness fear,
 When this sweet chant they hear,
 May Jesus Christ be praised!

7 In heaven's eternal bliss
 The loveliest strain is this,
 May Jesus Christ be praised!
 Let earth, and sea, and sky
 From depth to height reply,
 May Jesus Christ be praised!

8 Be this, while life is mine,
 My canticle divine,
 May Jesus Christ be praised!
 Be this the eternal song
 Through ages all along,
 May Jesus Christ be praised!

In the Hour of Trial.

PENITENCE.

J. MONTGOMERY: W. P. HUTTON, and G. TERRING.

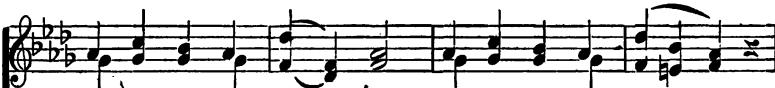
S. LANE.



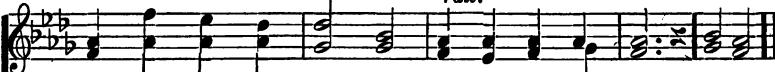
1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - su plead for me;
2. With for - bid - den pleas - ures Would this vain world charm;
3. Should Thy mer - cy send me Sor - row, toil, and woe;
4. When my last hour com - eth, Fraught with strife and pain,



Lest by base de - ni - al, I de - part from Thee.
 Or its sor - did treas - ures Spread to work me harm;
 Or should pain at - tend me On my path be - low;
 When my dust re - turn - eth To the dust a - gain;



When Thou see'st me wav - er, With a look re - call,...
 Bring to my re - mem - brance Sad Geth-sem - a - ne,...
 Grant that I may nev - er Fail Thy hand to see;...
 On Thy truth re - ly - ing, Thro' that mor-tal strife,..

*rall.*

Nor for fear or fa - vour Suf - fer me to fall.
 Or, in dark - er sem-blance, Cross-crowned Cal-va - ry.
 Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on Thee.
 Je - su, take me, dy - ing, To e - ter - nal life. A-men.



With Permission of Rev. C.L. Hutchins.

Childrens Litany.

T. B. POLLOCK.

W. S. HOYTE.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in G major, 2/4 time. The first staff begins with a treble clef, the second with an alto clef, and the third with a bass clef. The music features simple chords and eighth-note patterns.

1. Je - su, from Thy throne on high, Far a - bove the bright blue sky,
 2. Lit - tle child-ren need not fear, When they know that Thou art near;
 3. Lit - tle hearts may love Thee well, Lit - tle lips Thy love may tell,

Look on us with lov - ing eye: Hear us, Ho - ly Je - su.
 Thou dost love us, Sav-iour dear: Hear us, Ho - ly Je - su.
 Lit - tle hymns Thy prais-es swell: Hear us, Ho - ly Je - su. A-men.

4 Little lives may be divine,
 Little deeds of love may shine,
 Little ones be wholly Thine:
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

9 When we lie asleep at night,
 Ever may Thy angels bright
 Keep us safe till morning light:
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

5 Jesu, once an infant small,
 Cradled in the oxen's stall,
 Though the God and Lord of all:
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

10 Make us brave without a fear,
 Make us happy, full of cheer,
 Sure that Thou art always near;
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

6 Once a child so good and fair,
 Feeling want, and toil, and care,
 All that we may have to bear;
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

11 May we prize our Christian name;
 May we guard it free from blame;
 Fearing all that causes shame:
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

7 Jesu, Thou dost love us still,
 And it is Thy holy will
 That we should be safe from ill
 Hear us, Holy Jesu,

12 May we grow from day to day,
 Glad to learn each holy way,
 Ever ready to obey:
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

8 Be Thou with us every day,
 In our work and in our play,
 When we learn and when we pray:
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

13 May we ever try to be
 From all sinful tempers free,
 Pure and gentle, Lord, like Thee:
 Hear us, holy Jesu.

73

Saviour, Like a Shepherd.

DOROTHY A. THRUPP.

RUSSELL.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. { Sav-iour, like a Shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care;
 In Thy pleas-ant past-u-res feed us, For our use Thy folds pre-pare:
 2. { We are Thine, do Thou be-friend us, Be the Guard-ian of our way;
 Keep Thy flock, from sin-de-fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray;
 3. { Thou hast promised to re - ceive us, Poor and sin - ful tho' we be;
 Thou hast mer-cy to re - lieve us, Grace to cleanse and pow'r to free;

Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bo't us, Thine we are;
 Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Hear, O hear us when we pray;
 Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, We will ear - ly turn to Thee;

Bless-ed Je-sus Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bo't us, Thine we are.
 Bless-ed Je-sus Bless-ed Je - sus, Hear, O hear us when we pray.
 Bless-ed Je-sus Bless-ed Je - sus, We will ear - ly turn to Thee.

74

Praise God, From Whom.

L. BOURGEOIS.

Praise God from whom all bless-ings flow! Praise Him, all crea-tures here be-low!

Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'nly host! Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Holy Ghost. A-men.

Fight the Good Fight.

J. S. B. MONSELL.



1. Fight the good fight with all thy might Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
2. Run the straight race thro' God's good grace, Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
3. Cast care a - side, lean on thy Guide; His bound-less mer - cy will pro - vide;
4. Faint not nor fear, His arms are near; He changeth not, and thou art dear;



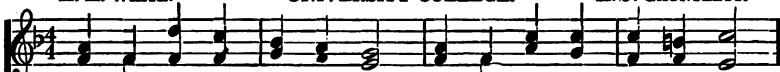
Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown e-ter - nal - ly.
 Life with its way be-fore us lies, Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.
 Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove Christ is its life, and Christ its love.
 On - ly be-lieve, and thou shalt see That Christ is all in all to thee. A - men.

**Oft In Danger.**

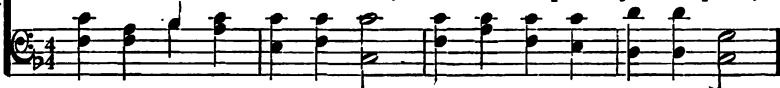
H. K. WHITE.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



1. Oft in dan-ger, oft in woe, On-wardChrist-i-ans, on-ward go:
2. Let your droop-ing hearts be glad: March in heav'n-ly ar-mour clad:
3. Let not sor-row dim your eye, Soon shall ev - ery tear be dry;
4. On- ward then to bat - tle move, More than conquerors ye shall prove;



Fight the fight, maintain the strife, Strengthen'd with the Bread of Life.
 Fight, nor think the bat - tle long, Soon shall vic-tory tune your song.
 Let not fears your course im-pede, Great your strength, if great your need.
 Tho' op-posed by many a foe, Chris-tian sold-iers, on-ward go. A - men.



O Sion, Haste.

TIDINGS.

J. WALCH.



1. O Si - on, haste, thy mis-sion high ful - fill - ing, To tell to
 2. Be - hold how ma - ny thou-sande still are ly - ing Bound in the
 3.'Tis thine to save from per - il of per - di - tion The souls for
 4. Pro-claim to ev - ery peo-ple, tongue and na - tion That God, in



all the world that God is Light; That He Who made all
 dark-some pris - on - house of sin, With none to tell them
 whom the Lord His life laid down: Be - ware lest, sloth - ful
 Whom they live and move is Love: Tell how He stooped to



na-tions is not will - ing One soul should per - ish, lost in shades of
 of the Sav-iour's dy - ing, Or of the life He died for them to
 to ful - fill thy mis - sion, Thou lose one jew - el that should deck His
 save His lost tre - a - tion, And died on earth that man might live a-



night: Pub - lish glad ti - dings; Ti - dings of peace;
 win; Pub - lish glad ti - dings; Ti - dings of peace;
 crown; Pub - lish glad ti - dings; Ti - dings of peace;
 bove; Pub - lish glad ti - dings; Ti - dings of peace;



O Sion, Haste.

Tid - ings of Je - sus, Re-demp-tion and re - lease.
Tid - ings of Je - sus, Re-demp-tion and re - lease.
Tid - ings of Je - sus, Re-demp-tion and re - lease.
Tid - ings of Je - sus, Re-demp-tion and re - lease. A-men.

5 Give of thy sons to bear the message glorious;
Give of thy wealth to speed them on their way,
Pour out thy soul for them in prayer victorious;
And all thou spendest Jesus will repay.

6 He comes again—O Sion, ere Thou meet Him,
Make known to every heart His saving grace;
Let none whom He hath ransomed fail to greet Him,
Through thy neglect unfit to see His face.

78

There Is a Green Hill.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

1. There is a green hill far a-way, With - out a cit - y wall,
2. We may not know, we can - not tell, What pains He had to bear,
3. He died that we might be for-giv-en, He died to make us good,
4. There was no oth - er good e - nough To pay the price of sin,
5. O dear - ly, dear - ly has He loved! And we must love Him, too,

Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.
But we be - lieve it was for us He hung and suf - fered there.
That we might go at last to heav'n, Saved by His pre - cious blood.
He on - ly could un - lock the gate Of heav'n and let us in.
And trust in His re-deem-ing blood, And try His works to do. A-men.

Softly Now the Light of Day.

G. W. DOANE.

WEBER.

From von WEBER.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;
 2. Thou, Whose all - per - vad - ing eye Naught es - capes, with - out, with - in,
 3. Soon, for me, the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;
 4. Thou Who, sin-less, yet hast known All of man's in - firm - i - ty;

Free from care, from la - bour free, Lord, I would com-mune with Thee.
 Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault, and se - cret sin.
 Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.
 Then, from Thine e - ter - nal throne, Je-sus, look with pity-ing eye. A-men.

Jesu, the Very Thought.

Tr. E. CASWALL.

J. WALCH.

1. Je - su, the ve - ry thought of Thee With sweet-ness
 2. No voice can sing, no heart can frame, Nor can the
 3. O hope of ev - ery con - trite heart, O joy of
 4. But what to those who find? Ah, this Nor tongue nor
 5. Je - su, our on - ly joy be Thou, As Thou our

fills mem - the breast; But sweet-er far Thy face to
 all ory find, A sweet-er sound than Je - sus'
 pen the meek, To those who fall, how kind Thou
 prize can show; The love of Je - sus, what it
 wilt be; In Thee be all our glo - ry

Jesus, the Very Thought.

see, And in Thy pres - ence rest.
Name, The Sav - iour of man - kind.
art! How good to those who seek!
is None but His loved ones know.
now, And thro' e - ter - ni - ty. A - men.

81

Our Fathers' God, to Thee!

AMERICA.

C. T. BROOKS, J. S. DWIGHT: S. F. SMITH.

H. CAREY.

1. Our fa - thers' God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,
2. Bless Thou our na - tive land! Firm may she ev - er stand,
3. For her our pray'r shall rise To God a - bove the skies;

To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With freedom's
Thro' storm and night; When the wild tem - pests rave, Rul - er of
On Him we wait; Thou Who art ev - er nigh, Guarding with

ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!
wind and wave, Do Thou our coun - try save By Thy great might.
watch - ful eye, To Thee a - loud we cry, God save the State! A - men.

Jesus Calls Us.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

GALILEE.

W. H. JUDE.

1. Je - sus calls us; o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea,
 2. As of old, Saint An-drew heard it By the Gal - i - le - an lake,
 3. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's gold-en store;

Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Say-ing, "Chris-tian fol-low me."
 Turned from home, and toil, and kin-dred, Leav-ing all for His dear sake.
 From each i - dol that would keep us, Say-ing, "Chris-tian, love Me more." A-men.

4 In our joys and in our sorrows, 5 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
 Days of toil and hours of ease, Saviour, make us hear Thy call,
 Still He calls, in cares and pleasures. Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
 "That we love Him more than these." Serve and love Thee best of all.

Thy Kingdom Come.

L. HENSLEY.

ST. CECILIA.

L. G. JAYNE.

1. Thy king-dom come, O God! Thy rule, O Christ, be - gin!
 2. Where is Thy reign of peace, And pu - ri - ty, and love?
 3. When comes the prom-ised time That war shall be no more
 4. We pray Thee, Lord, a - rise, And come in Thy great might;
 5. O'er hea - then lands a - far Thick dark-ness brood-eth yet:

Break with Thine i - ron rod The tyr - an - nies of sin!
 When shall all ha - tred cease, As in the realms a - bove?
 Op - pres - sion, lust, and crime Shall flee Thy face be - fore?
 Re - vive our long - ing eyes, Which lan-guish for Thy sight.
 A - rise, O morn - ing Star A - rise and nev - er set. A-men.

C. ELLIOTT.

W. B. BRADBURY.

J. NEWTON.

L. SPOHR.

hum-bly fall be-fore His feet, For none can per - ish there.
call - est burdened souls to Thee, And such, O Lord, am I.
war with-out, and fears with-in, I come to Thee for rest.
may my fierce ac - cus - er face, And tell Him, Thou hast died!
guilt - y sin-ners, such as I, Might plead Thy gra-cious name. A - men.

Martyrdom. C. M.

W. COWPER.

H. WILSON.



1. There is a fount-ain filled with blood Drawn from Em-man - uel's veins:
2. The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see That fount-ain in his day;
3. Dear, dy - ing Lamb, Thy precious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r,
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup - ply,
5. Then in a nob - ler, sweet-er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,



And sin-ners plunge beneath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains.
 And there may I, as vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.
 Till all the ransomed Church of God Be saved to sin no more.
 Re - deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
 When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue Lies si-lent in the grave. A-men.



Federal Street. L. M.

J. GRIGG.

H. K. OLIVER.



1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor-tal man a-shamed of Thee?
2. A-shamed of Je - sus! soon - er far Let night dis-own each ra-diant star:
3. A-shamed of Je - sus! oh, as soon Let morn-ing blush to own the noon!
4. A-shamed of Je - sus! that dear friend On Whom my hopes of heav'n de-pend!
5. A-shamed of Je - sus! emp - ty pride! I'll boast a Sav - ior cru - ci - ed;



Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days?
 'Tis midnight with my soul, till He, Bright morning star, bid darkness flee.
 He sheds the beams of light di - vine O'er this benight-ed soul of mine.
 No! when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re-vere His name.
 And oh, may this my por - tion be, My Savior's not ashamed of me. A-men.



1
My God, and is Thy table spread,
And does Thy cup with love o'erflow,
Thither be all Thy children led;
And let them Thy sweet mercies know.

2
Hail! sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood:
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

3
Oh, let Thy table honored be,
And furnished well with joyful guests:

4
And may each soul salvation see,
That here in sacred pledges tastes.
Drawn by Thy quickening grace, O Lord,
In countless numbers let them come;
And gather from their Father's board
The bread that lives beyond the tomb.

2
Nor let Thy spreading Gospel rest,
Till thro' the world Thy truth has run;
Till with this bread all men be blest,
Who see the light all feel the sun.

89

Invitation. 11s., 10s.

T. MOORE.

S. WEBBE.



1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, where' - er ye languish; Come to the
 2. Joy of the des - o - late, light of the straying, Hope of the
 3. Here see the Bread of life; see wat-ers flow-ing Forth from the



mer cy-seat, fer - vent-ly keel; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your
 pen - i-tent, fade-less and pure, Here speaks the Comforter, ten - der - ly
 throne of God, pure from a-bove; Come to the feast of love; come, ev - er



an - guish: Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can-not heal.
 say - ing, "Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can-not cure."
 know - ing Earth has no sor - row but heav'n can remove; A-men.



Coronation. C. M.

E. PERRONET.

O. HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels prostrate fall;
 2. Crown Him, ye mar-tys of our God, Who from His al - tar call;
 3. Hail Him, the heir of Da - vid's line, Whom Da - vid, Lord did call;
 4. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransomed of the fall;
 5. Sin-ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The wormwood and the gall;
 6. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res-trial ball;



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem And crown Him Lord of all!
 Ex - tol the Stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown Him Lord of all!
 The God in - car-nate! Man di-vine! And crown Him Lord of all!
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all!
 Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all!
 To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all!



Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!
 Ex - tol the Stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown Him Lord of all!
 The God in-car-nate! Man di-vine! And crown Him Lord of all!
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all!
 Go spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all!
 To Him all majes - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all! A-men.



Blest Be the Tie That Binds.

J. FAWCETT,

J. G. NAEGALL,



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Je - sus love: The
 2. Be - fore our Fa-ther's throne, We pour u - nit - ed prayers; Our
 3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear; And
 4. When we at death must part, Not like the world's our pain; But
 5. From sor - row, toil, and pain, And sin, we will be free; And



Blest Be the Tie That Binds.

fel - low - ship of Christ - ian minds Is like to that a - bove,
 fears, our hopes, our aims are one; Our com - forts and our cares.
 oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
 one in Christ, and one in heart, We part to meet a - gain.
 per - fect love and friend - ship regn Thro' - out e - ter - ni - ty.

92 A Charge.

S. M.

- 1 A charge to keep I have,
 A God to glorify;
 A never-dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky.
- 2 From youth to hoary age,
 My calling to fulfill:
 Oh, may it all my powers engage
 To do my Master's will!
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
 As in Thy sight to live,
 And oh, Thy servant, Lord prepare
 A strict account to give!
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on Thyself rely,
 Steadfast to walk on Christ's dear way
 And God to glorify.

93 Heirs of Unending.

B. BEDDOME, Alt.

- 1 Heirs of unending life,
 While yet we sojourn here
 Oh let us our salvation work
 With trembling and with fear!
- 2 God will support our hearts
 With might before unknown;
 The work to be performed is ours,
 The strength is all His own.
3. 'Tis He that works to will,
 'Tis He that works to do;
 His is the power by which we act,
 His be the glory too!

94

Toplady. 6-7s.

A. M. TOPLADY,

T. HASTINGS.

FINE

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my self in Thee;
 2. Should my tear for ev - er flow, Should my zeal no lan - guor know,
 3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When mine eye - lids close in death,

D. C. Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath, and make me pure.
 In my hand no price I bring, Simp - ly to Thy cross I cling.
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

D. C.

Let the wat - er and the blood, From Thy side, a heal - ing flood,
 All for sin could not a - tone, Thou must save, and Thou a - lone;
 When I rise to worlds unknown, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne, A - men.

Jesus Shall Reign.

DUKE STREET.

J. HATTON.

1. Je - sus shall reign where'er the sun Doth his suc-ces-sive jour - neys run;
 2. To Him shall endless prayer be made, And praises throng to crown His head;
 3. Peo-ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweet-est song;
 4. Blessings abound where'er He reigns; The prisoner leaps to burst his chain,
 5. Let ev - 'ry crea-ture rise and bring Pe-cul-iar hon-ours to our King;

His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
 His name like sweet per-fume shall rise With ev - 'ry morn-ing sac-ri-fice.
 And infant voic - es shall proclaim Their early bless-ings on His name.
 The wear-y find e - ter - nal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.
 An-gels descend with song a - gain, And earth repeat the lond amen. A-men.

O Happy Day.

1 O happy day, that stays my choice
 On Thee, my Savior and my God;
 Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
 And tell Thy goodness all abroad.

2 Here rest, my oft-divided heart,
 Fixed on thy God, thy Savior, rest;

Who with the world would grieve to
 part
 When called on angels' food to feast!

3 High Heaven that heard the solemn vow
 That vow renewed shall daily hear;
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.

Jesus My Saviour.

HANFORD.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, look on me, For I am wear - y and op-prest;
 2. Look down on me for I am weak; I feel the toilsome journey's length:
 3. I am bewil-dered on my way, Dark and tempest-uous is the night;
 4. When Sat-an flings his fier - y darts, I look to Thee; my terr-ors cease;
 5. Stand-ing a-lone on Jor-dan,s brink, In that tremendous, la-test strife,
 6. Thou wilt my ev - 'ry want sup-ply, E'en to the end, whate'er be - fall;

Jesus My Saviour.



I come to cast my - self on Thee, Thou art my Rest.
Thine aid om - nip - i - tent I seek: Thou art my Strength.
O send Thou forth some cheer-ing ray! Thou art my Light.
Thy Cross a hid-ing - place im-parts: Thou art my Peace.
Thou wilt not suf - fer me to sink: Thou art my Life.
Thro' life, in death, e - ter - nal - ly, Thou art my All. Amen.



98

Jesu, My Lord.

ADORO TE.

J. BARNBY.



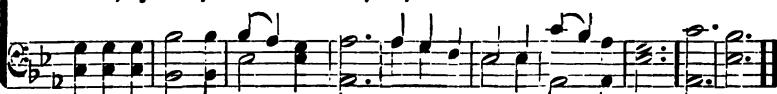
1. Je - su my Lord, my God my all, Hear me, blest Sav-ior, when I call;
2. Je - su, too late I Thee have sought; How can I love Thee as I ought?
3. Je - su, what didst Thou find in me That Thou hast dealt so lov - ing - ly?
4. Je - su, of Thee shall be my song; To Thee my heart and soul be-long;



Hear me, and from Thy dwell-ing place Pour down the riches of Thy grace.
And now ex - tol Thy matchless fame, The glor - ious beauty of Thy Name?
How great the joy that Thou hast brough Oh, far ex - ceed-ing hope or thought!
All that I am or have is Thine; And Thou, my Savior, Thou art mine;



Je-su, my Lord, I Thee a - dore; Oh, make me love Thee more and more! A-men.



1. Hark! the loud ce - les - tial hymn, An - gel choirs a -
 2. Lo! the a - pos - tol - ic train Join Thy ss - cred
 3. Ho - ly Fa - ther Ho - ly Son, Ho - ly Spir - it,
 4. Spare Thy peo - ple, Lord, we pray, By a thous - and

bove are rais-ing; Cher - u - bim and ser - a-phim,
 Name to hal-low! Pro-phets swell the loud re - frain,
 Three we name Thee; While in es - sence on - ly One,
 snares surround-ed: Keep us with - out sin to - day,

In un - ceas - ing cho - rus prais-ing, Fill the heav'ns with
 And the white - robed mar - tyrs fol-low; And from morn to
 Un - di - vid - ed God, we claim Thee; And, a - dor - ing,
 Nev - er let us be con-founded; Lo! I put my

sweet ac - cord; Ho - ly Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord!
 set of sun, Thro' the Church the song goes on.
 bend the knee, While we own the mys - ter - y.
 trust in Thee; Nev - er, Lord, a - ban - don me.

W. BRIGHT.

W. H. MONK.



1. And now, O Fa - ther, mind-ful of the love That bought us, once for
 2. Look,Fa-ther,look on His a-noint-ed face, And on - ly look on
 3. And then for those,our dear-est and our best, By this pre - vail - ing
 4. And so we come; O draw us to Thy feet, Most pa - tient Sav-iour,



all on.Calvary's Tree, And hav-ing with us Him that pleads a - bove,
 us as found in Him, Look not on our mis - us - ings of Thy grace,
 pres-ence we ap - peal; O fold them clos - er to Thy mer-cy's breast!
 Who canst love us still! And by this Food, so aw - ful and so sweet,



We here pre-sent, we here spread forth to Thee, That on - ly Of-f'ring
 Our pray'r so lan - guid, and our faith so dim; For lo! be-tween our
 O do Thine ut - most for their soul's true weal! From taint-ing mis-chief
 De - liv - er us from ev - ry touch of ill: In Thine own ser - vice



per - fect in Thine eyes,The one true,pure im - mor-tal Sac - ri - fice.
 sins and their re-ward, We set the Pas-sion of Thy Son our Lord.
 keep them white and clear,And crown Thy gifts with strength to persevere.
 make us glad and free,And grant us nev - er-more to part with Thee. A-men.



Faith of Our Fathers!

1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of
 2. Our fa-thers chained in pris - ons dark, Were still in
 3. Faith of our fa - thers, God's great pow'r Shall soon all
 4. Faith of our fa - thers, we will love Both friend and

dun - geon, fire and sword; O how our hearts beat high with joy,
 heart and con-science free; How sweet would be their chil-dren's fate
 na - tions win for thee; And thro' the truth that comes from God
 foe in all our strife, And preach thee too, as love knows how,

When-e'er we hear that glo - rious word: Faith of our fa - thers!
 If they, like them, could die for theel Faith of our fa - thers,
 Man-kind shall then be tru - ly free; Faith of our fa - thers,
 By kind - ly words and vir - tuous life; Faith of our fa - thers,

ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!

102 The Saints of God

(Use preceding tune.)

The saints of God! Their conflict
past,
And Iffe's long battle won at last,
No more they need the shield or
sword, (Lord:
They cast them down before their
O happy saints! for ever blest,
At Jesus' feet how safe you rest!

2 The saints of God! Their wan-
derings done,
No more their weary course they
run, (fall,
No more they faint, no more they
No foes oppress, no fears appal:
O happy saints! for ever blest,
In that dear home how sweet your
rest!

5 O God of saints! To Thee we
cry;
O Saviour! plead for us on high;
O Holy Ghost! our Guide and
Friend,
Grant us Thy grace till life shall
end; (be
That with all saints our rest may
In that bright Paradise with Thee!

104

Lord, Speak to Me.



1. Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In liv-ing ech-oes of Thy tone;
2. O strengthen me, that while I stand Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,
3. O teach me, Lord, that I may teach The preciousthings Thou dost im-part
4. O fill me with Thy ful-ness, Lord, Un-til my ver-y heart o'er-flow
5. O use me, Lord, use e - ven me, Just as thou wilt, and when, and where;



As Thou hast sought, so let me seek, Thy er-ring chil-dren lost and lone.
I may stretch out a lov-ing hand To wrestlers with the troubled sea.
And wing my words, that they may reach The hid-den depths of many a heart.
In kindling thought and glowing word, Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show
Un-til Thy bless-ed face I see, Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glo - ry share.



103 Thou Hidden Love

(Use preceding tune.)

Thou hidden love of God, whose
height,
Whose depth unfathomed no man
knows:
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for Thy repose:
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in Thee.

2 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart
to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord if every motion there.
Then shall my heart from earth be
free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.

3 O hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may
live!
My base affections crucify,
Nor let one favourite sin survive;
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee.

HOLLEY.
G. Hews.

Go, Labor On!

H. Bonar.

CAMDEN.
J. B. Calkin.

1. Go, la - bour on! spend and bespent! Thy joy to do the Father's will;
 2. Go, la - bour on! 'tis not fornought; Thine earthly loss is heav'n-ly gain;
 3. Go, la - bour on! e-nough while here, If He shall praise thee, if He deign
 4. Go, la - bour on, while it is day! The world's dark knight is hast'ning on;
 5. Toil on! faint not! keep watch, and pray! Be wise the er-ring soul to win!
 6. Toil on, and in thy toil re-joice! For toil comes rest, for ex - ile home;

It is the way the Mas-ter went; Should not the ser-vant tread it still?
 Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not, The Mas-ter praises; what are men?
 The wil-ling heart to mark and cheer: No toil for Him shall be in vain.
 Speed, speed thy work! cast sloth a-way! It is not thus that souls are won.
 Go forth, in - to the world's highway! Com - pel the wand'rer to come in!
 Soonshalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice, The midnight peal, "Behold I come!"

106 Father, Whate'er of Earthly Bliss.

A. Steele.

NAOMI.
L. Mason.

I. Father, what-e'er of earth - ly bliss Thy sov'reign will de - nies,
 2. Give me a calm and thank-ful heart, From ev - ry mur-mur free;
 3. Let the sweet hope that thou art mine My path of life at - tend:

Ac-cept-ed at Thy throne of grace Let this pe - ti - tion rise.
 The blessings of Thy grace im-part, And make me live to Thee.
 Thy presence thro' my jour - ney shine, And crown my jour - ney's end.

J. Keble.

HURSLEY.
P. Ritter.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea-ry eye - lids gent-ly steep;
3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can-not live;
4. If some poor wander-ing child of Thine Have spurned today the voice di-vine,
5. Watch by the sick; en - rich the poor With blessings from Thy boundless store;
6. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take,



O may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser-vant's eyes.
 Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For-ev - er on my Sav-ior's breast.
 A - bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.
 Now, Lord, the gra - cious work be-gin; Let him no more lie down in sin.
 Be ev - ery mourn-er's sleep to-night, Like in-fant'sslum-bers, pure and light.
 Till in the o - cean of Thy love We lose our-selves in heaven a - bove.



J. Mason.

W. Gardiner.



1. Blest day of God! most calm, most bright, The first, the best of days; The
2. My Sav-ior's face made thee to shine; His ris - ing thee did raise, And
3. The first-fruits oft a bless-ing prove To all the sheaves be - hind; And
4. This day I must with God ap-peal; For, Lord, the day is Thine; Help



lab'rer's rest; the saint's de-light, The day of prayer and praise.
 made thee heaven-ly and di-vine Be - yond all oth - er days.
 they the day of Christ who love, A hap - py week shall find.
 me to spend it in Thy fear, And thus to make it mine.



E. Codner.

W. B. Bradbury.



1. Lord, I hear of showers of bless-ing, Thou art scattering full and free!
2. Pass me not, O gra- cious Fa-ther! Sin - ful tho' my heart may be;
3. Pass me not, O ten - der Sav - ior! Let me love and cling to Thee;
4. Pass me not, O migh - ty Spir - it! Thou canst make the blind to see;



Showers the thirst-y land re-fresh-ing; Let some por-tion fall on me,
 Thou might'st pun-ish, but the ra - ther Let Thy mer-cy light on me,
 I am long-ing for Thy fa-vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh, call me;
 Wit - ness - er of Je - sus' mer - it, Speak the word of pow'r to me,



E - ven me! E - ven me! Let some por-tion fall on me. A - MEN.



- 5 Have I long in sin been sleeping!
 Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
 Has the world my heart been keeping?
 Oh, forgive and rescue me,
 Even me!
- 6 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
 Blood of God, so rich and free;
 Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
 Magnify it all in me,
 Even me!

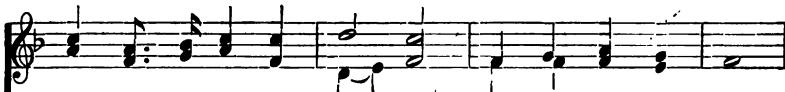
- 7 Pass me not! this lost one bringing,
 'Tis but one more, Lord, for Thee!
 All my heart to Thee is springing;
 Blessing others, oh, bless me,
 Even me!

110 Work, for the Night is Coming.

A. L. Walker.

DILIGENCE.
L. Mason.

1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morn-ing hours;
 2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the sun - ny noon;
 3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies;



Work while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring - ing flowers,
 Fill bright - est hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon:
 While their bright tints are glow - ing Work, for day - light flies;



Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow-ing sun;
 Give ev - ery fly - ing min - ute Some-thing to keep in store;
 Work, till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth to shine no more;



Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
 Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
 Work, while the night is darkening, When man's work is o'er. A-MEN.



111 Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

H. F. Lyte.

Hodge.



1. Je - sus I my cross have tak-en, All to leave and fol-low Thee;
 2. Man may trou-ble and dis-tress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
 3. Take, my soul, thy full sal - va-tion; Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
 4. Haste then on from grace to glo-ry, Armed by faith, and winged by prayer,



Des - ti - tute, de-spised, for-sak - en, Thou from hence my all shall be:
 Life with tri - als hard may press me; Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest.
 Joy to find in ev - ery sta - tion Some-thing still to do or bear:
 Heav'n's e-ter-nal day's be-fore thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there.



Per - ish ev - ery fond am-bi-tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
 O 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me:
 Think what Spir-it dwells with - in thee; What a Father's smile is thine;
 Soon shall close thy earth-ly mis-sion, Swift shall pass thy pil-grim days;



Yet how rich is my con-di-tion! God and heav'n are still my own.
 O 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy unmixed with Thee.
 What a Sav-ior died to win thee; Child of heav'n, should'st thou repine?
 Hope soon change to glad fru - i - tion, Faith to sight, and pray'r to praise. A - MEN.



J. Bowring.

WATCHMAN.
L. Mason.

1. Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of prom - ise are;
 2. Watchman, tell us of the night; High - er yet that Star as-cends;
 3. Watchman, tell us of the night, For the morn-ing seems to dawn;



Trav-eller, o'er yon mountain's height, See that glo - ry beam - ing Star;
 Trav-eller, bless - ed - ness and light, Peace and truth its course por-tends;
 Trav-eller, dark-ness takes its flight, Doubt and ter - ror are with-drawn,



Watch-man, does its beau-teous ray Aught of joy or hope fore-tell?
 Watch-man, will its beams a - lone Gild the spot that gave them birth?
 Watch-man, let thy wanderings cease Hie thee to thy qui - et home,



Traveller, yes; it brings the day, Promised day of Is - ra-el.
 Traveller, a - ges are its own; See, it bursts o'er all the earth.
 Traveller, lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of God · is come. A-MEN.



113.

O Saviour.

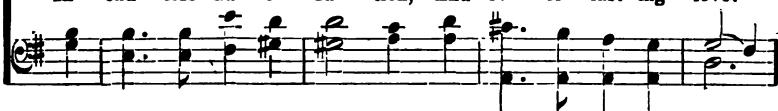
F. R. Havergal.

WATERMOUTH.
A. H. Mann.

1. O Sav - iour, pre - cious Sav - iour, Whom yet un - seen we love!
2. O bring - er of sal - va - tion, Who won-drous - ly hast wrought,
3. In Thee all ful - ness dwell - eth, All grace and power di - vine,
4. O grant the con - sum - ma - tion Of this our song a - bove,



O Name of might and fa - vor, All oth - er names a - bove!
 Thy - self the rev - e - la - tion Of love be - yond our thought;
 The glo - ry that ex - cell - eth, O Son of God is Thine;
 In end - less ad - o - ra - tion, And ev - er - last - ing love!



We wor - ship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee, O Christ, we sing;
 We wor - ship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee, O Christ, we sing;
 We wor - ship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee, O Christ, we sing;
 Then shall we praise and bless Thee Where per - fect prais - es ring,



We praise Thee, and con - fess Thee Our ho - ly Lord and King.
 We praise Thee, and con - fess Thee Our gracious Lord and King.
 We praise Thee, and con - fess Thee Our glo - ri - ous Lord and King.
 And ev - er-more con - fess Thee Our Sav - iour and our King. A - MEN.



To Thy Temple.

J. Montgomery.

PRUEN.
F. A. G. Ouseley.

mf

1. To Thy tem - ple I re - pair; Lord, I love to wor-ship there;
 2. While the prayers of saints as - cend, God of love, to mine at - tend;
 3. While I heark - en to 'Thy law, Fill my soul with hum - ble awe,
 4. While Thy min - is - ters pro - claim, Peace and par - don in Thy Name,
 5. From Thy house when I re - turn, May my heart with - in me burn;

While Thy glo-ri-ous praise is sung, Touch my lips, un-loose my tongue.
 Hear me, for Thy Spir - it pleads; Hear, for Je - sus in - ter-cedes.
 Till Thygo-s - pel bring to me, Life and im - mor-tal - i - ty.
 Thro' their voice, by faith, may I Hear Thee speaking from the sky.
 And at eve-ning let me say, "I have walked with God to-day." A - MEN.

Sing, My Soul.

Anon.

ST. BEES.
J. B. Dykes.

f

1. Sing, my soul, His won-drous love, Who, from yon bright throne a - bove,
 2. Heav'n and earth by Him were made; All is by His scep - tre swayed;
 3. God, the mer - ci - ful and good, Bought us with the Sav-i-or's blood;
 4. Sing, my soul, a - dore His Name! Let His glo - ry be thy theme;

Ev - er watch-ful o'er our race, Still to man ex-tends His grace;
 What are we that He should show, So much love to us be - low?
 And, to make our safe - ty sure, Guides us by His Spir - it pure.
 Praise Him till He calls thee home; Trust His love for all to come. A-MEN.

I Heard the Voice.

H. Bonar.

Vox DILECTT.
J. B. Dykes.

p

rall.

tempo. mf

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, Come un - to Me and rest;
 2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, Be - hold I free - ly give,
 3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, I am this dark world's light;

cress.

Lay down, thou wea-ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast.
 The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst - y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live;
 Look un - to Me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright;

mf

cres.

I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry and worn, and sad;
 I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;
 I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;

cres.

ff

I found in Him a rest - ing place, And He has made me glad.
 My thirst was quenched, my soul re-vived, And now I live in Him.
 And in that light of life I'll walk, Till traveling days are done. A-MEN.

I. Watts.

ST. AGNES.
J. B. Dykes.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Heav'n-ly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs;
2. See how we gro - vel here be - low, Fond of these earth - ly toys;
3. In vain we tune our life - less songs, In vain we strive to rise:
4. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Heav'n-ly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs;



Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love, In these cold hearts of ours.
 Our souls, how heav - i - ly they go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.
 Ho - san-nas lan-guiish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.
 Come, shed a - broad a Sav - iour's love, And that shall kin - dle ours. A-MEN.



118

- 1 Calm on the listening ear of night
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far—
Her silver-mantled plains.
- 2 Celestial choirs from courts above
Shed sacred glories there;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.
- 3 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The Day-Spring from on high.
- 4 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring,
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King!"
5. Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born:
More bright on Bethlehem's joyous
plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

E. H. Sears.

119

- 1 Shepherd of souls, refresh and bless
Thy chosen pilgrim flock,
With manna in the wilderness,
With water from the rock.
- 2 Hungry and thirsty, faint and weak,
As Thou when here below,
Our souls the joys celestial seek
Which from Thy sorrows flow.
- 3 We would not live by bread alone,
But by that word of grace,
In strength of which we travel on
To our abiding place.
- 4 Be known to us in breaking bread,
But do not then depart;
Saviour, abide with us, and spread
Thy table in our heart.
- 5 Lord, sup with us in love divine;
Thy Body and Thy Blood,
That living bread, that heavenly wine,
Be our immortal food.

J. Montgomery.

W. Cowper.

BEATRUDO.
J. R. Dykes.

1. O for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heav'n-ly frame,
2. Re - turn, O ho - ly Dove, re - turn, Sweet messen - ger of rest;
3. The dear - est i - dol I have known, Whate'er that i - dol be,
4. So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and se -rene my frame;



cres.



A light to shine up - on the road, That leads me to the Lamb!
 I hate the sins that made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast.
 Help me to tear it from Thy throne, And worship on - ly Thee.
 So pur - er light shall mark the road, That leads me to the Lamb. A-MEN.



121

- 1 Let saints on earth in concert sing
 With those whose work is done;
 For all the servants of our King
 In heaven and earth are one.
- 2 One family, we dwell in Him,
 One church, above, beneath;
 Tho' now divided by the stream,
 The narrow stream of death.
- 3 One army of the living God,
 To His command we bow;
 Part of the host have crossed the flood,
 And part are crossing now.
- 4 E'en now to their eternal home
 There pass some spirits blest;
 While others to the margin come,
 Waiting their call to rest.
- 5 Jesus, be Thou our constant Guide;
 Then, when the word is given,
 Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
 And bring us safe to heaven.

C. Wesley.

122

- 1 Jerusalem my happy home,
 Name ever dear to me,
 When shall my labours have an end
 In joy, and peace, and Thee?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built
 walls
 And pearly gates behold?
 Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
 And streets of shining gold?
- 3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
 Nor sin nor sorrow know:
 Blest seats! (p) thro' rude and stormy
 scenes
 I onward press to you.
- 4 Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
 Or feel at death dismay?
 I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
 And realms of endless day.
- 6 Jerusalem' my happy home,
 My soul still pants for thee;
 Then shall my labours have an end,
 When I thy joys shall see.

J. Montgomery.

D. Dwight.

ST. THOMAS.
A. Williams.

1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,
 2. For her my tears shall fall; For her my prayers as - cend;
 3. Be - yond my high - est joy, I praise her heav'n-ly ways,
 4. Je - sus, Thou Friend di - vine, Our Sav - iour and our King,
 5. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Si - on shall be giv'n,

The church our blest Re - deem-er saved, With His own precious blood.
 To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
 Her sweet com-mun-ion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
 Thy hand from ev - ry snare and foe, Shall great de-liv-erance bring.
 The bright-est glo - ries earth can yield, And bright-ter bliss of heav'n. A - MEN.

124

1 O bless the Lord, my soul!
 His grace to thee proclaim!
 And all that is within me join
 To bless His holy Name!

2 O bless the Lord, my soul!
 His mercies bear in mind!
 Forget not all His benefits!
 The Lord to thee is kind.

3 He will not always chide;
 He will with patience wait;
 His wrath is ever slow to rise,
 And ready to abate.

4 He pardons all thy sins;
 Prolongs thy feeble breath;
 He healeth thine infirmities
 And ransoms thee from death.

5 He clothes thee with His love;
 Upholds thee with His truth;
 And like the eagle He renews
 The vigour of thy youth.

6 Then bless His holy Name,
 Whose grace hath made thee whole,
 Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days!
 O bless the Lord my soul!

J. Montgomery.

125

1 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
 Thy mighty arm make bare;
 Speak with the voice that wakes the
 dead,
 And make Thy people hear.

2 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
 Disturb this sleep of death;
 Quicken the smouldering embers now
 By Thine Almighty breath.

3 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
 Create soul-thirst for Thee;
 And hungering for the Bread of life,
 O may our spirits be!

4 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
 Exalt Thy precious Name;
 And by the Holy Ghost, our love
 For Thee and Thine inflame.

5 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
 And give refreshing showers;
 The glory shall be all Thine own,
 The blessings, Lord, be ours.

F. J. Van Alstyne.

J. Leland.

HEATH.
R. Schumann.

mf

1. The day is past and gone; The eve-ning shades ap - pear:
 2. We lay our gar-ments by, Up - on our beds to rest;
 3. Lord, keep us safe this night, Se - cure from all our fears;

O, may we all re-mem - ber well The night of death drawsnear.
 So death shall soon dis-robe us all Of what is here pos - sess.
 May angels guard us while we sleep, Till morning light ap-pears. A-MEN.

- 1 Forever with the Lord!
Amen! so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
And immortality!
- 2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.
- 3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!
- 4 Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above!
- 5 Then, then I feel, that He,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord is never far from me,
Though I percieve Him not.

- 6 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

J. Montgomery.

- 1 My soul, be on thy guard!
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 O watch, and fight and pray!
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armour down:
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.
- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God!
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath
Up to His blest abode.

G. Heath.

H. F. Lyte.

W. H. Monk.

mf

1. A - bide with' me: fast falls the e - ven - tide;
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day,
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - ery pass - ing hour;
 4. I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless.
 5. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes:

p

The dark - ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide:
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way,
 What but Thy grace can foil the temp - ter's pow'r?
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - nees.
 Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies:

When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts flee,
 Change and de - cay in all a - round I see,
 Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be?
 Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy vic - to - ry?
 Heav'n's morn - ing breaks, and earth's vain shad - ows flee:

*cres.**p*

Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me.
 O Thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me.
 Thro' cloud and sun - shine, Lord, a - bide with me.
 I tri - umph still, if Thou a - bide with me.
 In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me. A-MEN.

130

How Sweet the Name.

J. Newton.

*mf*St. Peter.
A. R. Reinagle.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds, In a be - liev - er's ear!
 2. It makes the wound - ed spir - it whole, And calms the troubled breast;
 3. Dear Name, the rock on which I build, My shield and hid - ing-place,
 4. Je - sus! my Shep - herd, Guardian, Friend, My Proph - et, Priest, and King,
 5. Weak is the ef - fort of my heart, And cold my warm - est thought,
 6. Till then I would Thy love pro - claim, With ev - 'ry fleet - ing breath;

It soothes our sorrows, heals our wounds, And drives away our fear.
 'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry rest.
 My nev - er - failing treasury, filled With boundless stores of grace.
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End, Ac - cept the praise I bring.
 But when I see Thee as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I ought.
 And may the mu - sic of Thy name, Re - fresh my soul in death. A - MEN.

131

Lord, as to Thy Dear Cross.

J. H. Gurney.

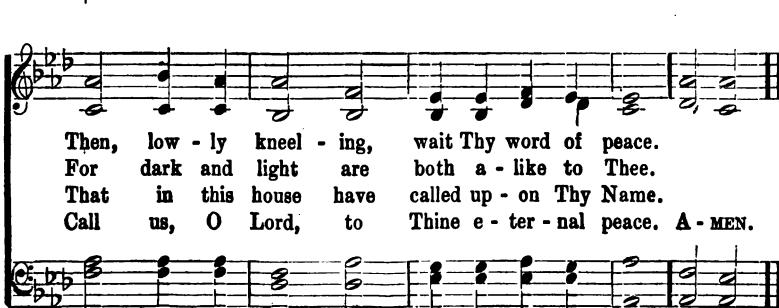
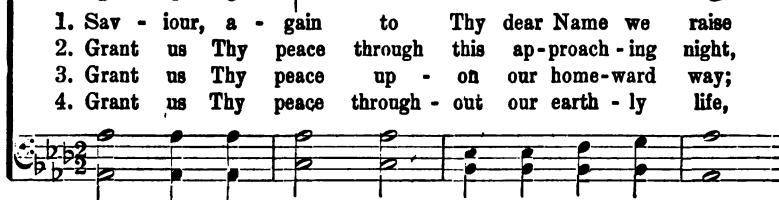
*mf*LAMBETH.
S. Webbe (?)

1. Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee, And plead to be for - giv'n,
 2. Help us, thro' good re - port and ill, Our dai - ly cross to bear;
 3. Let grace our self - ist-ness ex - pell, Our earth - li - ness re - fine;
 4. If joy shall at Thy bid-ding fly, And grief's dark day come on,
 5. Kept peace-ful in the midst of strife, For - giv - ing and for - giv'n,

So let Thy life our pat - tern be, And form our souls for heav'n.
 Like Thee, to do our Fa - ther's will, Our brethren's grief to share.
 And kind - ness in our bos - oms dwell, As free and true as Thine.
 We in our turn would meek - ly cry, "Fa - ther, Thy will be done."
 O may we lead the pilgrim's life, And fol - low Thee to heav'n! A - MEN.

J. Ellerton.

E. J. Hopkins.



J. Newton.

*mf*AUSTRIA
F. J. Haydn.

1. Glo-rious things of thee are spok-en, Si - on, ci - ty of our God.
 2. See, the streams of liv - ing wa - ters Springing from e - ter - nal love,
 3. 'Round each hab-i - ta - tion hover-ing, See the cloud and fire ap-peal
 4. Blest in-hab - i - tants of Si - on, Washed in the Re-deem - er'sblood!



He, Whose word can - not be broken, Form'd thee for His own a - bode;
 Well sup-ply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want re-move.
 For a glo - ry and a covering, Showing that the Lord is near.
 Je - sus, whom their souls re - ly on, Makes them kings and priests to God.



On the Rock of A - ges founded, What can shake thy sure re-pose?
 Who can faint, when such a riv - er Ev - er will their thirst as-saue?
 Thus de - riv - ing from their ban - ner, Light by night, and shade by day,
 'Tis His love His peo - ple rais - es O - ver self to reign as kings:



With sal-va-tion's walls sur-rounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
 Grace which, like the Lord, the giv-er, Nev-er fails from age to age.
 Safe they feed up - on the man-na, Which He gives them when they pray.
 And as priests, His solemn prais-es Each for a thank - of - fering brings. A-MEN.



A. Pope.

A. Lvoff.

1. Rise, crowned with light, im - pe - rial Sa - lem, rise!
 2. See a long race thy spa - cious courts a - dorn:
 3. See bar-barious na - - - tions at thy gates at - tend,
 4. The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke de - cay,

Ex - alt. thy tower-ing head and lift thine eyes!
 See fu - ture sons, and daugh-ters yet un - born,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy tem - ple bend,
 Rocks fall to dust, and moun-tains melt a - way;

See heav'n its spark - ling por - tals wide dis - play,
 In crowd-ing ranks on ev - ery side a - rise,
 See thy bright al - tars thronged with pros - - trate kings,
 But fixed His word, His sav - ing power re - mains;

And break up - on thee in a flood of day.
 De - mand-ing life, im - pa-tient for the skies.
 While ev - ery land its joy - ous trib - ute brings.
 Thy realm shall last, thy own Mes - si - ah reigns. A-MEN.

T. Haweis.

MANOAH.
From Rossini.

1. O Thou, from Whom all goodness flows, I lift my heart to Thee;
 2. When on my ach-ing, burdened heart My sins lie heav-i-ly,
 3. When tri-als sore ob-struct my way, And ills I can-not flee,
 4. If worn with pain, dis-ease and grief, This fee-ble frame should be,
 5. And O when in the hour of death I own Thy just de-cree,
 In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes, Dear Lord, remember me.
 Thy pardongrant, Thy peace impart: In love, re-mem-ber me.
 O let Thy strength be as my day! For good, re-mem-ber me.
 Grant patience, rest, and kind relief: Hear and re-mem-ber me.
 Be this the pray'r of my last breath, Dear Lord, remember me. A-MEN.

- 1 O Jesus, Savior of the lost,
My Rock and Hiding-place,
By storms of sin and sorrow toss,
I seek Thy sheltering grace.
- 2 Guilty, forgive me, Lord, I cry;
Pursued by foes, I come;
A sinner, save me, or I die;
An outcast, take me home.
- 3 Once safe in Thine almighty arms,
Let storms come on amain;
There danger never, never harms;
There death itself is gain.
- 4 And when I stand before Thy throne,
And all Thy glory see,
Still be my righteousness alons
To hide myself in Thee.

Bishop E. H. Bickersteth.

- 1 Come Christian children, come and raise
Your voice with one accord;
Come, sing in joyful songs of praise
The glories of your Lord.
- 2 Sing of the wonders of His love,
And loudest praises give
To Him who left His throne above,
And died that you might live.
- 3 Sing of the wonders of His truth,
And read in every page
The promise made to earliest youth,
Fulfilled to latest age.
- 4 Sing of the wonders of His power,
Who with His own right arm
Upholds and keeps you hour by hour,
And shields from every harm.
- 5 Sing of the wonders of His power,
Who made and keeps you His,
And guides you to the appointed place
At His right hand in bliss.

D. A. Thrupp,

138 Saviour, Sprinkle Many Nations.

A. C. Coxe.

J. B. Dykes.



1. Saviour, sprinkle man - y na-tions; Fruitful let Thy sor-rows be;
2. Of Thy cross the wondrous sto - ry, Be it to the na-tions told;
3. Far and wide, tho' all un - know-ing, Pants for Thee each mor - tal breast,
4. Thirsting as for dews of e - ven, As the new-mowngrass for rain,
5. Sav-iour, lo! the isles are wait-ing! Stretched the hand and strained the sight,
6. Give the word, and of the preach-er Speed the foot and touch the tongue,



By Thy pains and con - so - la-tions Draw the Gentiles un - to Thee!
 Let them see Thee in Thy glo - ry, And Thy mer-cy man - i - fold.
 Hu-man tears for Thee are flow-ing, Human hearts in Thee would rest.
 Thee they seek as God of heav-en, Thee as Man for sin - ners slain.
 For Thy Spir-it, new cre - at-ing, Love's pure flame, and wisdom's light.
 Till on earth by ev - ry creature, Glo-ry to the Lamb be sung! A-MEN.



139

- 1 Hark! ten thousand voices sounding
 Far and wide throughout the sky;
 'Tis the voice of joy abounding,
 Jesus lives, no more to die!
- 2 Jesus lives, His conflict over,
 Lives to claim His great reward;
 Angels round the Victor hover,
 Crowding to behold their Lord.
- 3 Yonder throne for Him erected
 Now becomes the Victor's seat;
 Lo, the Man on earth rejected,
 Angels worship at His feet!
- 4 All the powers of heaven adore Him,
 All obey His sovereign word;
 Day and night they cry before Him,
 "Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!"

T. Kelly, 1806.

140

- 1 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim thro' this barren land,
 I am weak (*cr*) but Thou art mighty;
 Hold me with Thy powerful hand.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountains
 Whence the living waters flow;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey thro'.
- 3 Feed me with the heavenly manna
 In this barren wilderness;
 Be my sword, and shield, and banner,
 Be the Lord my Righteousness.
- 4 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Death of death, and hell's destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side.

W. Williams, 1745; TR. P. Williams, 1772.

C. Wealey. (?)

F. Giardini.

1. Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
 2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword;
 3. Come, Ho - ly Com - for - ter, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear,
 4. To Thee, great One in Three, The high - est prais - es be,

Help us to praise! Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
 Our prayer at - tend! Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, Come give Thy
 In this glad hour! Thou, Who al - might - y art, Now rule in
 Hence ev - er - more; Thy sov'er'ign maj - es - ty, May we in

to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days!
 word success; 'Stab - lish Thy right-eous-ness, Sav - iour and Friend!
 ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r!
 glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty, Love and a - dore. A - MEN.

1 Thou, whose Almighty word
 Chaos and darkness heard,
 And took their flight;
 Hear us we humbly pray,
 And, where the gospel day
 Sheds not its glorious ray,
 Let there be light!

2 Thou who didst come to bring
 On Thy redeeming wing
 Healing and sight,
 Health to the sick in mind,
 Sight to the inly-blind,
 O now, to all mankind,
 Let there be light!

3 Spirit of truth and love,
 Life-giving, holy Dove,
 Speed forth Thy flight!
 Move on the water's face,
 Bearing the lamp of grace,
 And, 'n earth's darkest place
 Let there be light!

4 Holy and blessed Three,
 Glorious Trinity,
 Wisdom, Love, Might;
 Boundless as ocean's tide,
 Rolling in fullest pride,
 Thro' the world, far and wide,
 Let there be light!

J. Marriott.

Tr. P. Pusey.

J. Barnby.

1. Lord of our life, and God of our sal - va - tion, Star of our
 night, "and hope of ev -'ry na - tion, Hear and re - ceive Thy
 Church's sup - pli - ca - tion, Lord God Al - might - y. A - MEN.

2 See round Thine Ark the hungry billows curling!

See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling!

Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,

Thou canst preserve us.

3 Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armor faileth;

Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth;

Lord, o'er Thy Rock nor death nor hell prevaileth:

Grant us Thy peace, Lord!

4 Peace, in our hearts, our evil thoughts assuaging,

Peace, in Thy Church, where brothers are engaging,

Peace, when the world its busy war is waging;

Calm Thy foes raging!

5 Grant us Thy help till backward they are driven;

Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven;

Grant peace on earth, and after we have striven,

Peace in Thy heaven.

O Saving Victim.

J. F. Richardson

1. O sav - ing Vic - tim, o-p'ning wide The gate of heav'n
 2. All praise and thanks to Thee as - cend For ev - er - more,
 to man be - low, Our foes press on from ev - 'ry side,
 blest One in Three; O grant us life that shall not end,
 Thine aid sup - ply,... Thy strength... be - stow.
 In our true na - tive land.... with Thee. A - MEN.

145

Litany Hymn.

R. Grant.

Spanish.
FINE.

1. { Sav-iour! when in dust to Thee Low we bow th'a-dor - ing knee, }
 When, re-pent-ant, to the skies Scarce we lift our weep-ing eyes,
 D. C.—Bending from Thy throne on high, Hear our sol - emn lit - a - ny!
 Oh! by all Thy pains and woe, Suf-fered once for man be - low; A - MEN.



1. Car - ol, car - ol, Chris-tians, Car - ol, car - ol joy - ful-ly, Car - ol for the
 2. Go ye to the for - est, Where the myr-tles grow,..... Where the pine and
 3. Blow, blow the trump - et, For our sol - emn feast,..... Gird thine armor
 4. Give us grace, O, Sav-iour, To put off in might,.... Deeds and dreams of



com - ing of Christ's na - tiv - i - ty; And pray a gladsome Christmas for
 lau - rel, Bend beneath the snow; Gath - er them for Je-sus,....
 Chris - tian, wear thy surplice, priest; Li - ban - us and Shar-on....
 dark - ness, For the robes of light. And to live as low - ly....



all good Chris-tian men; Car - ol, car - ol, Christians, 'til Christmas comes again.
 Wreathe them for His shrine, Make His tem - ple glo - ri - ous, With the box and pine.
 Shall not green - er be, Than our ho - ly chan - cel At Christ's na - tiv - ity.
 As Thy - self with men, So to rise in glo - ry When Thou com' st again.



CHORUS.



Car - ol, car - ol, Car - ol, car - ol, Chris-tians, Car - ol joy - ful-



ly..... Car - ol for the com - ing of Christ's na - tiv - i - ty.



Tr. J. M. Neale.
*mp*ST. ANDREW OF CRETE.
J. B. Dykes.

1. Chris-tian! dost Thou see them On the ho-ly ground,
 2. Chris-tian! dost thou feel them, How they work with-in,
 3. Chris-tian! dost thou hear them, How they speak thee fair?
 4. "Well I know thy trou-ble, O my ser-vant true;

cres. How the pow'rs of dark-ness, Rage thy steps a-round?
 Striv-ing, tempt-ing, lur-ing, Goad-ing in-to sin?
 "Al-ways fast and vig-il? Al-ways watch and prayer?"
 Thou art ve-ry wea-ry, I was wea-ry too;

Chris-tian! up and smite them, Count-ing gain but loss;
 Chris-tian! nev-er trem-ble; Nev-er be down-cast;
 Chris-tian! an-swer bold-ly: "While I breathe I pray!"
 But that toil shall make thee Some day all Mine own,

In the strength that com-eth By the Ho-ly Cross.
 Gird thec for the bat-tle, Watch and pray and fast.
 Peace shall fol-low bat-tle, Night shall end in day.
 And the end of sor-row Shall be near My throne." A-MEN.

The Choral Service.



Our Father, who
art in heaven,

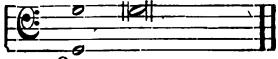
Hallowed be thy Name. Thy kingdom
come. Thy will be done on earth, As it is
in heaven. Give us this day our daily
bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As
we forgive those who trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation; But de-
liver us from evil; For thine is the king-
dom, and the power, and the glory for
ever and ever.



A - MEN.

Then likewise he shall say.

MINISTER.

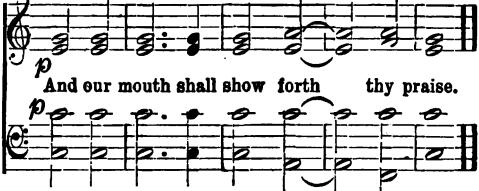


Org.

O Lord, open thou our lips.

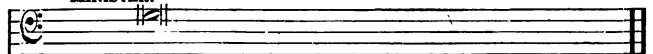
All standing.

ANSWER.



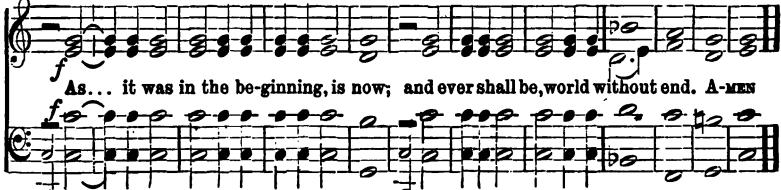
And our mouth shall show forth thy praise.

MINISTER.



Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;

ANSWER.

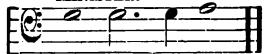


As... it was in the begin-ning, is now; and ever shall be, world without end. A-MEN

Org.

Org,

MINISTER.



Praise ye the Lord.

ANSWER.

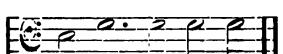


Org.

The Lord's Name be praised.

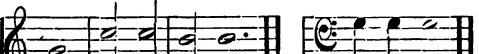
Apostles Creed. Monotone on G.

ANSWER.



The Lord be with you.

MINISTER.



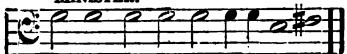
And with thy spir - it.

Let us pray.



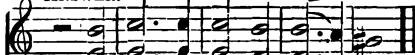
The Choral Service.

MINISTER.



O Lord, show thy mer-cy up-on us.

ANSWER.

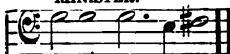


And grant us thy sal - va - tion.



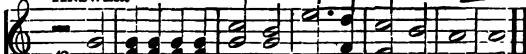
Org.

MINISTER.



O Lord, save the State.

ANSWER.

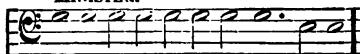


And mer-ci-ful-ly hear us when we call up - on thee.



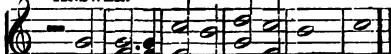
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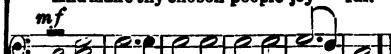


Endue thy ministers with righteousness.

ANSWER.

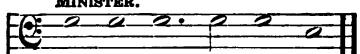


And make thy chosen people joy - ful.



Org.

MINISTER.

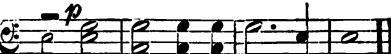


O Lord, save thy peo - ple.

ANSWER.

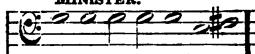


And bless thine in - he - ri - tance.



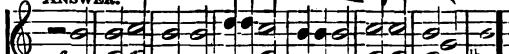
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MINISTER.

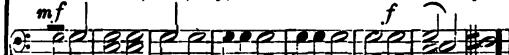


Give peace in our time, O Lord.

ANSWER.

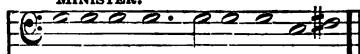


For it is thou, Lord, only, that makest us dwell in safe-ty.



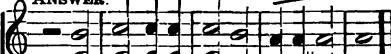
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MINISTER.

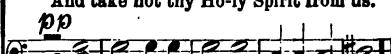


O God, make clean our hearts within us.

ANSWER.



And take not thy Ho-ly Spirit from us.



Org.



1 O come, let us sing unto the Lord: let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation.

2 Let us come before his presence with thanks-giving: and show ourselves glad in him with psalms.

3 For the Lord is a great God: and a great King above all gods.

4 In his hand are all the corners of the earth: and the strength of the hills is his also.

5 The sea in his hands he made it: and his hands prepared the dry land.

6 O come let us worship and fall down: and kneel before the Lord our Maker.

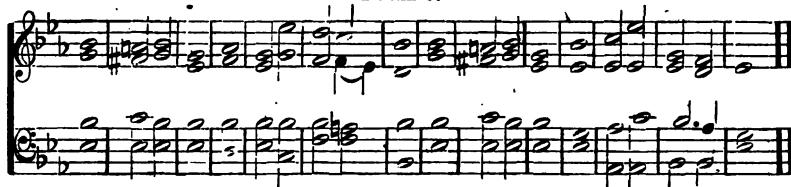
7 For he is the Lord our God: and we are the people of his pasture and the sheep of his hand.

8 O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness: let the whole earth stand in awe of him.

9 For he cometh, for he cometh to judge the earth; and with righteousness to judge the world and the people with his truth.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.



1 O be joyful in the Lord all ye lands: serve the Lord with gladness and come before his presence with a song.

2 Be ye sure that the Lord he is God: it is he that hath made us and not we ourselves: we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

3 O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and speak good of his Name.

4 For the Lord is gracious: his mercy is ever lasting: and his truth endureth from generation to generation.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Rev. Charles W. Hayes, 1858.

I. *Decani.* We praise Thee, O God; we acknowledge Thee to be the | Lord:
Cantoris. All the Earth doth worship Thee, the Father Ever | lasting.
Dec. To Thee all Angels cry aloud; the Heavens, and all the Powers there | in:
Chorus. To Thee, Cherubin and Seraphim con | tinual | ly do | cry.

Holy,—Holy,—| Holy:
 Lord God of Sabaoth;
 Heaven and Earth are | Full:
 Of the | Majesty of Thy | Glory.

II. *Dec.* The glorious company of the Apostles praise | Thee:
Cant. The goodly fellowship of the Prophets praise | Thee:
Dec. The noble army of Martyrs praise | Thee:
Chor. The Holy Church throughout all the world | doth ac | knowledge | Thee.

IV. *Dec.* The Father, of an infinite | Majesty:
Cant. Thine adorable, true, and only | Son:
Dec. Also the Holy Ghost, the | Comforter:
Cant. Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ: Thou art the Everlasting | Son— |
 of the | Father.

V. *Dec.* When Thou tookest upon Thee to deliver | man:
Cant. Thou didst humble Thyself to be born of a | Virgin.
Dec. When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of | death:
Chor. Thou didst open the Kingdom of | Heaven to | all be | lievers.

VI. *Dec.* Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the Glory of the | Father:
Cant. We believe that Thou shalt come to be our | Judge.
Dec. We therefore pray Thee, help Thy servants, whom Thou hast redeemed
 with Thy precious | blood:
Chor. Make them to be numbered with Thy Saints, in | glory | ever | lasting.

VII. *Dec.* O Lord, save Thy people, and bless Thine | heritage:
Cant. Govern them, and lift them up for | ever.
Chor. { Day by day we magnify | Thee:
 And we worship Thy name ever, | world with | out— | end.

VIII. *Dec.* Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without | sin:
Cant. O Lord, have mercy upon us, have mercy up | on us.
Dec. O Lord, let Thy mercy be upon us, as our trust is in | Thee:
Chor. O Lord, in Thee have I trusted; Let me | never | be con | founded.

W. CROUCH.



St. Luke i. 68.

1 Blessed be the Lórd|God of|Israel: for he hath vísited|and re|deemed his|people;

2 And hath raised up a míghty sal|vation|for us: in the hóuse|of his|servant|David;

3 As he spake by the móuth of his|holy|Prophets: which have bén|since the|world be|gan,

4 That we should be sáved|from our|enemies: and fróm the|hand of|all that|hate us.

5 To perform the mercy promised to|our fore|fathers: and to re|member his|holy|covenant;

6 To perform the oath which he sware to our fórefather|Abra|ham: thát|he would|give.—|us;

7 That we being delivered out of the hán'd|of our|enemies: might sérve|him with|out—|fear;

8 In holiness and ríghteous|ness be|fore him: áll the|days—|of our|life.

9 And thou child, shall be called the próphet|of the|Highest: for thou shalt go before the face of the Lórd|to pre|pare his|ways;

10 To give knowledge of salvátion|unto his|people: for the re|mission|of their|sins,

11 Through the tender mércy|of our|God: whereby the day-spring from on|high hath|visited|us;

12 To give light to them that sit in darkness * and in the|shadow | of|death: and to guide our féet|into the|way of|peace.

Glory be to the Fáther|and * to the|Son: and|to the|Holy|Ghost;

As it was in the beginning * is now, and|ever|shall be: wórd without|end—|A—|men;

Magnificat.

BEETHOVEN.



1 My soul doth magnify the Lord: and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

2 For He hath regarded: the lowliness of His hand maiden.

3 For behold from henceforth: all generations shall call me blessed.

4 For He that is mighty hath magnified me: and holy is His Name.

5 And His mercy is on them that fear Him: through out all generations.

6 He hath showed strength with His arm: He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

7 He hath put down the mighty from their seat: and hath exalted the humble and meek.

8 He hath filled the hungry with good things: and the rich he hath sent empty away.

9 He remembering His mercy hath holpen His servant Israel: as He promised to our forefathers Abraham and his seed for ever.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning is now, and ever shall be; world without end. Amen.

Nunc Dimittis.

GREGORIAN



1 Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace: according to Thy word.

2 For mine eyes have seen: Thy salvation.

3 Which Thou hast prepared: before the face of all people;

4 To be a light to lighten the Gentiles: and to be the glory of Thy people Israel.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Nine commandments.

—KYRIE ELEISON.—

WOOD.

Lord have mer - cy up - on us and in-cline our hearts to keep this law.

Tenth commandment.

Lord have mer-cy up-on us and write all these, Thy laws, in our hearts, we be-seech Thee.

Glo - - ry be to Thee, O Lord!

Priest.

Choir.

Priest.

Lift up your hearts! We lift them up un - to the Lord! { Let us give thanks
unto our Lord God! }

Choir.

Priest.

Organ

It is meet and right— so to do! It is very meet and right, &c.

210 *Andante.***Sanctus.** *cres.*

Wood.

Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho-ly Lord God of hosts, Heav'n and earth are full of Thy
glo - ry! Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord, most high! A - men!

211 *Andante.***Benedictus.**

Wood.

p Bless - ed is he that com - eth in the name of the
Lord! Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na in the high - - - est!

212 *Andante.***Agnus Dei.**

Wood.

p O Lamb of God that tak - est a - way the sins of the
world - Have mer - cy up - on us! Grant us Thy peace!

Gloria in Excelsis.

Old Chant.

f GLORY bé to | God on | high : and on éarth, | peace, good | will towards | men.

We praise thee, we bless thée, we | worship | thee : we glorify thee, we give thánks
to | thee for | thy great | glory.



f O Lord Gód, | Heavenly| King| Gód the : Father| Al . =| mighty.

mf O Lord, the only begotten Són, | Jesus| Christ : O Lord God, Lamb of God|
Son . =| of the| Father,



p That takest awáy the | sins . of the | world : have mércy | upon | us.

Thou that takest awáy the | sins . of the | world : have mércy | upon | us.

Thou that takest awáy the | sins . of the | world : ré | ceive our | prayer.

er Thou that sittest at the right hán'd of | God the| Father : (p)have mércy | upon | us.



mf For thou ónly | art . =| holy : thóu | only | art the| Lord.

er Thou only, O Chríst, with the | Holy| Ghost : (f) art most hígh in the| glory
of | God the| Father.

Holy Communion Service In G.

Kyrie.

With permission of Week's & Co. London.

SIMPER.

Lord, have mercy up - on us, and in - cline our hearts to keep this law.

After the 10th. opp rall

Lord, have mercy up-on us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we beseech Thee.

Gloria Tibi.

Glo - - ry be to Thee, o Lord.

Credo.

Voices in Unison. Small notes Organ only. Harmony.

I be-lieve in one God, the Fa - ther Al - migh - ty, Mak-er of heav'n and earth, And of all things vi-si - ble and in - vi - si - ble. And in one Lord Je-sus Christ, the

mf Voices in Unison.

Holy Communion Service In G.

Harmony.

on - ly be - got - ten Son of God, Be - got - ten of His Fa - ther be - fore all

ff (Small notes Organ only.)

worlds, God of God, Light of Light, Ve - ry God of ve - ry God, Be -

got - ten, not made. Be - ing of one sub - stance with the Fa - ther, By

whom all things were made, Who for us men, and for our sal - va - tion came down from

pp A little slower. Trebles only, or all voices in Unison.

heav'n, And was in - car - nate by the Ho - ly Ghost of the Virgin Ma - ry,

Holy Communion Service In G.

And was made man, And was cru - ci-fied al - so for us un-der Pon-tius

A tempo. Voices in Unison.

Pi - late. He suf - fer-ed and was bu - - ri - ed, And the third day He

Ped.

Harmony.

rose a - gain ac-cord-ing to the Scrip-tures, And as - cend-ed in - to heav'n, And

sit-teth on the right hand, the right hand of the Fa - ther. And He shall come a -

dim. cres.

gain with glo - ry to judge both the quick and the dead: Whose kingdom shall

Holy Communion Service In G.

Voices in Unison.

Harmony.

A musical score for two voices in unison and a harmony part. The music is in common time, key of G major. The vocal parts consist of eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The harmony part provides harmonic support with sustained notes and chords.

have no end. And I be - lieve in the Ho - ly Ghost, the Lord and Giv - er of

A musical score for two voices in unison and a harmony part. The music continues in common time, key of G major. The vocal parts feature eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The harmony part includes sustained notes and chords.

life, Who pro-ceed-eth from the Fa - ther and the Son, who with the Father and the
Man. Ped.

A musical score for two voices in unison and a harmony part. The music continues in common time, key of G major. The vocal parts feature eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The harmony part includes sustained notes and chords.

Son to-gether is wor - ship - ped and glo - ri-fied, Who spake by the

A musical score for two voices in unison and a harmony part. The music continues in common time, key of G major. The vocal parts feature eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The harmony part includes sustained notes and chords.

Pro-phets, And I be - lieve one Ca - tho - lick and A - pos - to - lick

A musical score for two voices in unison and a harmony part. The music continues in common time, key of G major. The vocal parts feature eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The harmony part includes sustained notes and chords.

Voices.

Church. I ac - know - ledge one Bap - tism for the remission of sins, And I

Holy Communion Service In G.

cres.

ff rall.

A musical score for a hymn. The top staff uses a treble clef and has a key signature of one sharp. It consists of two measures of eighth-note chords followed by a measure of sixteenth-note chords. The bottom staff uses a bass clef and has a key signature of one sharp. It consists of two measures of eighth-note chords.

look for the Re-sur - rec - tion of the dead, And the life of the world to come. A - men.

Sursum Corda.

A musical score for the Sursum Corda section. The top staff shows a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The organ part (bottom staff) consists of eighth-note chords. The organ part starts with a forte dynamic.

CELEBRANT.

Lift up your hearts. We lift them up un - to the Lord.

ORGAN.

A musical score for a hymn section. The top staff shows a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The organ part (bottom staff) consists of eighth-note chords. The organ part starts with a forte dynamic.

CELEBRANT.

Let us give thanks un - to our Lord God: It is meet and right so to do.

Sanctus.

pp Slow. Voices in Unison.

cres.

Harmony.

A musical score for the Sanctus section. The top staff shows a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The organ part (bottom staff) consists of eighth-note chords. The organ part starts with a forte dynamic.

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts, Heav'n and earth are

Ped.

A musical score for a hymn section. The top staff shows a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The organ part (bottom staff) consists of eighth-note chords. The organ part starts with a forte dynamic.

full of Thy Glo - ry; Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord most High. A - men.

Holy Communion Service In G.
Benedictus.

Moderately slow. Harmony.

Bless - ed is He that com - eth in the Name of the Lord. Ho-
san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na in the High - est.

Agnus Dei.

pp Slow. Trebles and Altos only. cres. All voices Harmony. <-> dim.

O Lamb of God, O Lamb of God, that tak - est a - way the
sins of the world, Have mer - cy up - on us.

Voices in Unison.

p 1st and 2nd time. <-> pp Vox Celeste.

(Org.)

sins of the world, Have mer - cy up - on us.

p 3rd time. Harmony. pp

Grant us Thy peace, grant us Thy peace.

Grant us, grant us Thy peace.

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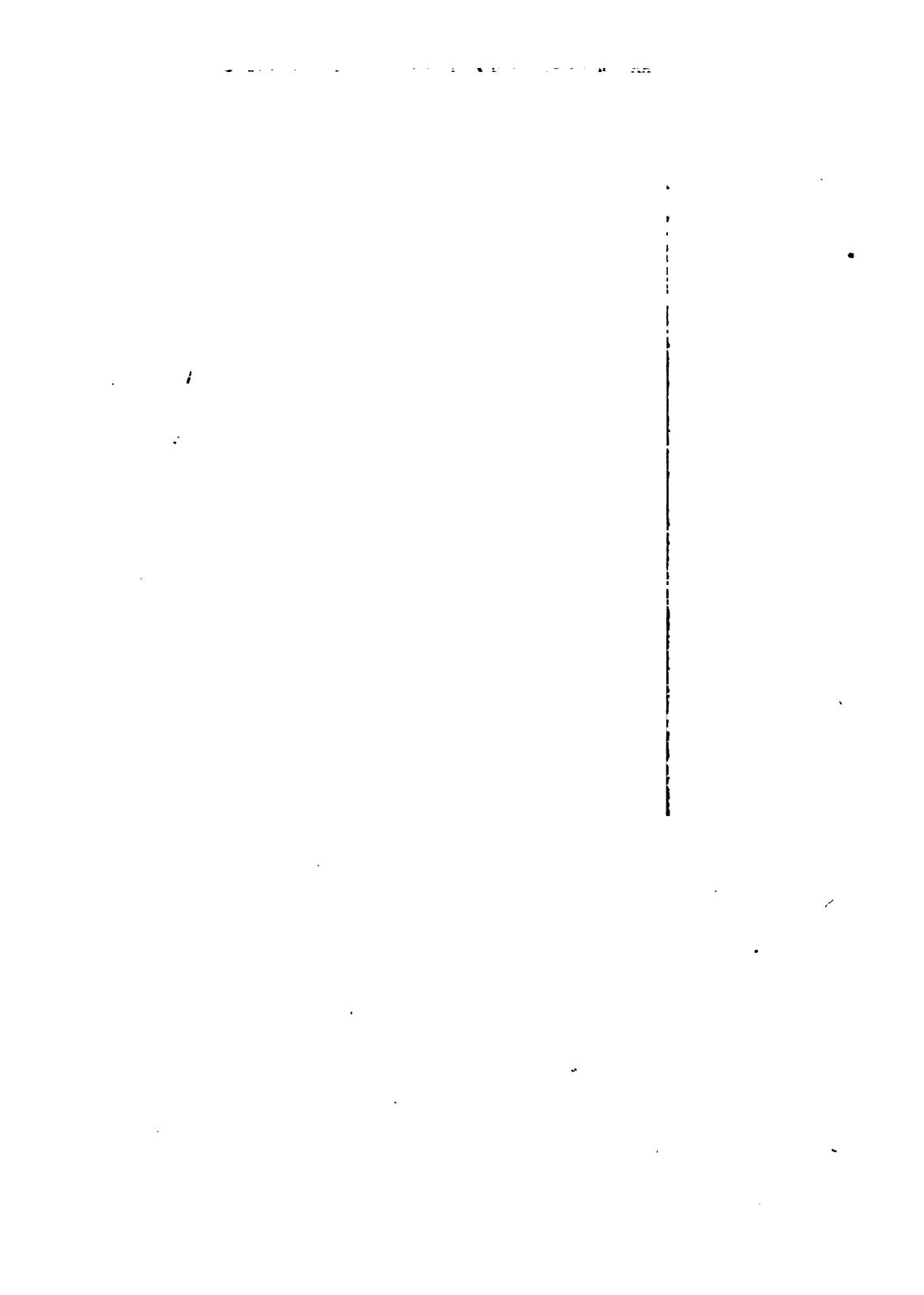
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